

Sports Illustrated



JANUARY 9, 1978

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TRIOLLO, DRIVER OF THE KNEECAP SPECIAL

The engaging photographs, beginning on page 20 of this issue, of celebrities playing golf, were taken by Staff Photographer Tony Triolo, who was considered a natural for the assignment.

Triolo is, by this time, somewhat of a celebrity in his own right. Around the office he is peaceable enough, playing cribbage, having one of his 11 pairs of Gucci loafers shined, or talking to his friends. It is his habit, upon seeing a friend, to approach him cautiously. He will reach him, put a hand on his shoulder and look over his own shoulder once or twice, nervously. Then, when one expects to hear the latest secret, scandal or whatever, Tony will look around once more and put his mouth to your ear. "How are you?" he whispers. "What's happening?"

The answer is nothing compared to what has probably been happening to Tony. Consider:

Gloria Connors, Jimmy Connors' mother, was edgily pacing around Wimbledon's Centre Court. Jimmy was to play a tough semifinal, and she had misplaced her rosary beads. "Here, have mine," Tony said, reaching into his pocket. He was on hand to cover the match which, needless to say, Jimmy won.

Or the British Broadcasting type who arrived late at Indy, just before the 500. He would have to tape an interview immediately to meet a deadline, and in the early morning he was scouring the Speedway Motel, where many of the

drivers stay during race week. He finally spotted a large fellow, dressed only in boxer shorts, standing in a doorway. "Are you a driver?" asked the BBC man. "Can I interview you?"

"Come in, old chap," said Triolo graciously, and permitted himself to be interviewed for 15 minutes about his "Kneecap Special." The interview was subsequently sent out over BBC and, presumably, many an English fan is still wondering about the fate of the Kneecap racing team.

Triolo looks like a mixture of a Roman senator, a Mafia capo and a very large pussycat with dueling scars, the latter sustained 18 years ago in an automobile accident at Sebring. Because of the sum of these parts, perhaps, what Tony wants, Tony usually gets. When he glowers at hotel room clerks, non-existent rooms spring into being, and surly waiters have no more chance than the young Austrian soldier who was dozing peacefully in a military staff car during the 1976 Winter Olympics at Innsbruck. Suddenly an imposing figure loomed outside his window. "I want to buy your parking sticker," Triolo announced. The soldier was shocked. Austrian soldiers are honest. But the sticker changed hands.

Triolo was sneakier with the Russian hockey star on the ice in Montreal. Tony approached him, camera in hand. "Please pose for some pictures," he said. "Nyer," said the Russian. Triolo looked at him evenly. "Your lips tell me nyer nyer," he said, "but there's da da in your eyes." The hockey star meekly complied.

Triolo has talked himself into operating rooms and into Cuba, and has never had to talk himself out of anything. Of all our photographers, it can most truly be said of him that one of his pictures is worth—or at least good for—a thousand words.

Sack Meyer

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

HARD AS NAILS

Nate Thurmond, the 6'11" center who had more than 14,000 points and 14,000 rebounds in his 14 years in the NBA, has just opened a manicure and pedicure salon in Beachwood, Ohio.

SAD CALL

What with all the criticism about the quality of NFL officiating this season, Will McDonough of the Boston Globe makes these interesting observations:

The NFL had the fourth-, fifth-, sixth- and seventh-best referees working the opening round of playoff games. Where were 1, 2, 3? Sitting at home watching on TV.

The NFL system of assigning officials goes like this. During the regular season, officials are graded weekly. In the postseason, the top officials—referee, umpire, head linesman, line judge, back judge and field judge—get to work the Super Bowl. The officials rated second and third best get the conference championship games. The next four down the line work the opening playoff round. Thus in the opening round, the seventh-best referee (and umpire, head linesman, et al.)—out of the 15 in the league—officials a playoff game. Inasmuch as all the crews that worked together during the season are broken up, most of the officials involved in a playoff game have not worked together before. It also means that the officials slated for the Super Bowl will have gone a month without working.

A better system would have the top four crews work the opening rounds, the two top crews the conference championships, and the top crew the Super Bowl.

WHISTLE STOP

How many basketball games have you been to where the crowd was so loud that the timekeeper didn't hear a referee whistle for a time-out? Clock hassles like that are unlikely to occur now, thanks to a new device known as the "Whistle-Stop Timer," which sells for \$750. Invented by Tee Halthcock, Max Garrison and

Clint Westbrook of Charlotte, N.C., the Whistle-Stop Timer consists of a receiving unit, which is attached to the scoreboard clock, and sending units, each about the size of a pack of cigarettes, which are worn by the referees. When one of the refs blows his whistle, which is wired to the sending unit, the clock stops, and it does not start until the ref presses a button on his unit.

The Atlantic Coast Conference has tested the timer in games and approved its use for next season. "Everybody's happy with it," says Commissioner Bob James. Besides ensuring that the clock stops immediately when the ref blows his whistle, which can be crucial toward the end of a game, the timer actually adds to the playing time. "The referees blow their whistles between 75 and 125 times a game," says Halthcock, "and if you save half a second each time, that can add up to almost a full minute during a game."

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

Do sports stars really use the products they endorse? Columnist George McEvoy of the Fort Lauderdale News recalls the time he ran into Dizzy Dean in a bar in Phoenix. He asked Dean if he really ate Wheaties, and Dizzy assured him that he did, every morning. "Podner," said Dean, "a big bowl of Wheaties and bourbon can't be beat."

IN THE BAG

When Bill Scott, a William & Mary football player, dressed up as Santa Claus for the basketball game against North Carolina and handed out candy canes to the Tar Heel players and their coach, Dean Smith, Smith asked if Santa had anything else in his bag of goodies. "Yes," replied Scott. "I have three points for William & Mary." Final score: William & Mary 78, North Carolina 75.

FISH FINDER

When Hubert Greene, a boat dealer on Lake Lure near Spindale, N.C., goes bass fishing, he takes his pet duck, Fudgey,

along for more than the ride. Fudgey points bass the way a bird dog points quail. Greene found that out one day last summer when Fudgey swam near a bush, stuck his neck out as far as possible and pointed. "I believe there is a bass over there," Greene joked to a fishing companion. He cast a plastic worm toward the bush, and a four-pound largemouth was his.

Then there was the memorable day on a mountain lake when Fudgey suddenly squawked and flapped his wings before hurrying back to the boat. Greene cast a spinnerbait in the direction of the up-roar and landed a nine-pound largemouth. That same day, Fudgey outdid himself. He pointed at another bass Greene cast, and this time he caught a 10-pounder.



The Greenes found Fudgey when he was a 3-day-old abandoned duckling. He got his name because his coloring then reminded the Greenes' teen-age son of fudge ripple ice cream. Fudgey was first afraid to swim, and only learned after the Greenes put on bathing suits and took him swimming. Shortly after Greene showed Fudgey how to dive underwater, the duck began grabbing minnows in shallow water and from there he went on to pointing bass.

Fudgey, who lives with the Greenes, is not housebroken. "How do you house-break a duck?" asks Mrs. Greene. As a result he gets an early supper and then takes a compulsory stroll outside. He spends the evening curled in Greene's lap on

continued

the sofa watching TV, and at night he sleeps next to the Greens' bed. Once Fudge annoyed Greene by scattering plastic worms all over the boat, but Greene found forgiveness easy, all he had to do was remind himself of the story about the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED

The Consumer Product Safety Commission has finished a year-long report on skateboarding. Among the findings:

An estimated 106,000 persons, nearly half of them 10 to 14 years old, were treated in hospital emergency rooms for skateboard injuries in the year ending last June 30. The figure is 30 times greater than that for the previous 12-month period.

One-third of those injured had been skateboarding for less than one week, and most were injured the first time they tried it. Two out of every five injuries involved people using borrowed boards. Fractures were the most common type of injury, occurring in about one-third of all accidents. More than half of all injuries were to the lower arm or lower leg.

In slightly more than 1% of the injuries, the skateboard itself was to blame for the accident, such as in the case of a wheel falling off.

The principal causes of accidents were: struck irregularly in riding surface, 32%; lost balance, 26%; slipped off board, 16%; other, such as being pushed, 13%; and board slipped out from under victim, 9%.

The report makes no formal recommendations on how to reduce skateboard hazards, but it does make clear that injuries would be reduced sharply if skateboards were kept off the streets and limited to controlled areas.

DOBIES

The latest monthly figures from the American Kennel Club show skyrocketing registrations for Doberman pinschers, prompting our old friend, Arthur Haggerty, proprietor of Captain Haggerty's School for Dogs in New York, to exclaim, "The Doberman pinscher is going to replace the German shepherd as the No. 2 breed behind the poodle this year." I'll guarantee that, though the AKC won't be releasing the figures until around April.

"A Doberman pinscher owner buys a Doberman, consciously or unconsciously, for protection," Captain Haggerty says. "In fact, it's a bit of a macho trip

for some people. Then the owner gets panicky because people tell him the dog is going to turn on him. They'll ask me, 'Will the dog turn on me?' And I'll say, 'Not as long as you have him trained!' Basically that's true. But this should not be the first dog someone owns. Get a golden retriever, a German shepherd, almost anything else.

"Dobermans are extremely bright and pick up fast, but they're often hard to control. Asked to compare a Doberman with a shepherd, I say the Doberman will learn one-third faster but it will take three times longer to work off leash. He knows the stuff, but getting him to do it is something else. He can be too much dog, and buying one is like a little old lady driving a Porsche Turbo-carerra.

"Another peculiarity about the breed is that it is far more affectionate than other breeds. They're always coming up to be petted or to put their heads in your lap. If someone wants to get a Doberman, I recommend a female. There is virtually no trouble.

"Doberman owners will buy all sorts of badges and books about the breed," Haggerty goes on. "A shepherd owner is not as likely to buy a German shepherd belt buckle as a Doberman owner is to buy a Doberman belt buckle. My insights into Doberman owners made a bundle for a friend of mine who was going to come out with German shepherd and poodle car medallions. I told him, 'Go with the Doberman medallion first.' He sold the hell out of it."

ON THE ROAD

Road hunting is a new pastime practiced by flytters, and the idea, says Eric Leser, proprietor of the River Gate, a fly-fishing shop in Cold Spring, N.Y., is to drive with one eye on the road while the other scans the pavement and shoulders for dead birds and animals that might furnish materials. Leser, the author of *Fly-Tying Materials*, the standard in the field, regularly carries a pair of pruning shears, a large plastic bag and a knife so he can collect his fur and feathers on the spot. The best time to go road hunting is in the early morning (many animals are run over at night), and the pickings are safest on back roads. Also, a road hunter should know the law because even possession of an out-of-season game bird or animal can result in a fine.

Quail, grouse and woodcock have body feathers that can be used as legs on

nymphs now that the Feds have cracked down on the importation of English partridge. Leser himself is high on woodchucks. "Three of my favorite flies—the Llama, the Au Sable Wulff and the Chuck Caddis—all have woodchuck guard hair as wings," he says. "It's stronger than deer hair, has better markings and, believe it or not, it floats better. Why, I have to weight my Llamas to get them to sink."

But the top road-hunting prize is a red fox. Trappers now get \$55 to \$65 a skin, and the red fox vixen is particularly sought after because Art Flick, a leading flytier, culls for urine-stained vixen fur in his version of the Hendrickson.

Last summer, a friend of Leser's stopped by the side of a road in the Catskills after spotting a dead woodchuck. He opened the trunk of his car, picked up the carcass and began dressing it out. He paid no attention to the sound of a car stopping behind him. When he finished he looked around, and there was a huge state trooper who said, before turning on his heel, "I know what you're doing is not illegal, but I just can't believe that you're doing it."

THE LONG AND THE SHORT

The long Utah State and Idaho State, only 90 miles apart, will play one another in football this year in Osaka, Japan, 6,000 miles away. The last time Utah State played in Osaka, the Aggies welcomed a Japanese team so badly that their hosts requested they bring their own opponent when they play there next time.

The short, Palmer Junior College in Davenport, Iowa, is only 12 miles from Moline, Ill., but the Palmer basketball team flew there in two planes for the game against Black Hawk College. "All top-notch basketball teams fly," says Coach Denny Aye. "Why not us?"

THEY SAID IT

● Robert Trent Jones, golf architect, on a new green he has designed for a Texas course in the shape of that vast state: "A drainage channel on the left represents the Rio Grande. A pond on the right is the Gulf of Mexico. The sand trap at the back stands for Oklahoma."

● Mori Melamed, 47-year-old hockey player in the Minnesota Oldtimers' League, on 67-year-old teammate, Kenny Hsiao: "We like to say Kenny chases the puck, but he can't remember why anymore."

END

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SHAKE DOWN THE

Twisting and sleashing, Vegas Ferguson punished the Longhorns for 100 yards and three touchdowns



THUNDER

Though the odds were great, old Notre Dame won over all the No. 1-ranked Texas Longhorns on a day of astonishing upsets and lopsided scores
by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Jerome Heavens, who rushed for 101 yards, bursts past Dwight Jefferson (80) and into the clear.



CONTINUED

As the Cotton Bowl showdown with undefeated Texas drew near, Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine recalled a day in practice when he suspected his No. 5-ranked team was not going to rise to the occasion. The players missed blocks. They missed passes. A couple even missed the team bus.

After that grim afternoon, Devine gathered his bemused athletes into a dressing room and delivered the kind of oration other Notre Dame coaches at other times have had paraphrased in bronze and on celluloid. "If you play like you're practicing," he said, "Texas will blow your butts out of the Cotton Bowl. The day is gone when people lay down for Notre Dame. Play like this, and you'll wake up in the second quarter and it'll be 21-zip."

Devine said two of his captains came to him later and said, "Thanks, Coach, we needed that."

What happened next would not be attributable in this day and age to anything as prosaic as an old-fashioned pep talk, not even by Devine. But the day before the Cotton Bowl game, sitting on the edge of his motel bed wrapped in a scarf to protect a stiff neck, Devine said it was almost scary how the Irish had turned themselves around. "We're right back where we were before the USC game," he said, recalling with obvious relish that 49-19 Irish haymaker. "I don't think we can play any better than we're playing—or will play."

Devine glanced down at a list of "incentives" he had planned to bring up at practice that afternoon. The fact that Texas had become a seven-point favorite; that at the Cotton Bowl luncheon the Longhorns had been given seats of honor while the Irish had to scramble for places in the balcony; that Texas players had their initials on their gift watches. "Trivial stuff," Devine snuffed and threw the note pad aside. "It's not necessary. We're going to win."

Oh, *my*, how the Irish won!

There is a story about a dentist who was renowned for the speed of his work. As a patient would settle in the chair for a crucial extraction, the dentist would lean forward and say, "This won't take long... did it?"

In less than eight minutes in the second period of exactly the kind of game no one expected, Notre Dame performed

surgery on Texas that was, if not painless, exquisitely deft. From a 3-3 tie, the practically perfect Irish—swift and sure on offense, overwhelming on defense—did some remarkable operating of their own, and before 76,701 chilled Cotton Bowl spectators could say bye-bye national championship, the score was 24-3. Though it would eventually mount to 38-10, the game was over right there.

Devine had said beforehand that this was, personally, his biggest game. His own self-darkened humor surfaces at such times. He quipped that a Chicago group of Notre Dame alumni had given him "moccasins for Christmas. Water moccasins." That line passed largely unnoticed (as well it might), but, for certain, Devine is a strangely beleaguered coach. It would seem ludicrous for a man with a 10-1 record, a No. 5 national ranking and 27 victories in 34 games during three years at South Bend, to feel that way, but he is probably right. He remains vaguely suspect. It was only natural that in the tumult of the Cotton Bowl victory he would repeat that it was his biggest win, and please take back the moccasins.

It was more than natural, it was logical that Devine would then reaffirm what Notre Dammers have been contending all along: in the event of such a victory, the Irish now deserve to have what Texas has been harboring for weeks—the No. 1 ranking. "Yes," said Devine, lank hair in his eyes, and the stillest, smallest voice in the balmy Irish dressing room, "we ought to be No. 1."

When you sift through the rubble, you find it hard to resist the argument.

Practically perfect? The Irish were better than that. Consider the evidence.

- The disciplined and aggressive Notre Dame defense made hush out of Coach of the Year Fred Akers' 300-yards-a-game rushing attack, holding it to 131 yards. Heisman Trophy winner Earl Campbell got 116 of those, and that would seem a lot until you break it down. Shutting Campbell off from the outside—the Irish linebackers sometimes looping to support the pinching and plugging end play of Ross Browner and Willie Fry, while alternating a bewildering assortment of four- and five-man line sets—Notre Dame forced Campbell to carry the ball 29 times to get those 116 yards. They were a painstaking collection of two- and three-yarders, plus one striking

run when Campbell caught a Notre Dame end otherwise occupied inside and broke loose to the outside for 18 yards. But for most of the day Campbell wore Irish Middle Guard-Linebacker Bob Golic, the game's outstanding defensive player, on his chest. Golic weighs 244 pounds. That's some handicap.

- Poor Randy McEachern, the people's choice as the best third-string quarterback in America, was rushed unrelentingly. He had to work very hard to complete 11 of 24 passes and had to put in overtime to get the one Texas touchdown, a 13-yard pass to Mike Lockett on an extra down granted the Longhorns because of a penalty on the last play of the first half.

- Three Randy McEachern passes were intercepted, two by linebackers who couldn't believe their good fortune to be right in the path of his hurried, hurried throws. Twice those interceptions initiated Notre Dame touchdown drives. By contrast, Irish Quarterback Joe Montana, himself a third-stringer when the season opened (but we all knew old Joe would rise up because his wife answers a phone in the Notre Dame publicity office), had only one of 25 intercepted—and that was of no consequence.

- Notre Dame's Jerome Heavens and Vagas Ferguson rushed for 101 and 100 yards, respectively, and never fumbled. In fact, none of the Irish fumbled. Texas did. Three times. And lost each of them. Two led to Notre Dame touchdowns. "We had a bad day, man," said Akers afterward. "Didn't you ever have a bad day?" Akers lamented that the fumbles were not properly induced (that is, by physical duress), but the truth was that Notre Dame's swarming defenders consistently got to the ball at the point of attack, forcing premature handoffs and pitches that led to turnovers. They were not accidents.

Because of the six Longhorn turnovers, the Irish never had to drive more than 35 yards for any of their 24 first-half points. Touchdowns—two on traps to the left side by Fullback Terry Eutick, who at the half was averaging a score every time he touched the ball—were rung up after a fumble at the 27, a fumble at the 35 and an interception that Linebacker Doug Becker ran back to the Texas 20. Serendipity, three Notre Dame TDs in seven minutes and 32 seconds.

• Notre Dame ran 28 plays to Texas' 12 in the third quarter—Devine called it "our most important third quarter of the season"—when its dominance became complete. Devine had vowed beforehand not to play conservatively. The Notre Dame offense has many sharp edges, and to counteract Texas' quick, active defenders—indeed, to turn the Longhorns' speed against them—the Irish used a multiplicity of traps, quick draws and sprint-out passes to bedevil Texas. From one particularly effective set, the Irish consistently got good yardage out of three plays that started the same way—a power play, a sprint draw and a sprint-out pass. Perhaps most amazing of all was the way Irish Guard Ernie Hughes handled Brad Shearer, Texas' outstanding and outspoken Outland Trophy winner. Hughes seemed to think he had the proper incentive. "When somebody is doing a lot of talking," Hughes said, "football players know that the only way to shut his mouth is on the field. I read that Shearer said there were other guards in the country better than me."

More often than not, Hughes handled Shearer one-on-one. Sometimes Center Dave Huffman would drop by to see if Hughes still was doing O.K., then Huffman would go about his own business. Huffman, who wears red sleeves under his jersey "so Mom can see me in pile-ups," said that, "If Shearer is the outstanding tackle in the country, Hughes must be the outstanding guard. It was a personal vendetta."

Blatantly, Notre Dame tried to run up the score with gaudy passes at the end. Devine, his cheek bulging, said the Irish were actually trying to give a Texas cornerback who hadn't played much "some needed game experience." What he actually was trying to give was a prod to wire-service polices who vote for the national championship. By now, of course, the votes are in and it has been determined if, indeed, the Irish jumped all the way from fifth to first to win it all, much the way Alabama did in a series of bowl upsets that ended the 1965 season.

In either case, win it or not, the alumni won't be able to blame Dan Devine.

Though they probably will.

CONTINUED

Ross Browner (89) and his relentless colleagues do a number on Quarterback Randy McEachern





Tony Nathan holds the ball aloft after scoring Alabama's first touchdown, as Tom Cousensau despairs

AT LAST, LOU HOLTZ

Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz, the national one-liner champ, was asked if it would be fair to characterize his mood in the days leading up to the Orange Bowl as somewhere between awful and rotten. He snorted. "That's like Custer saying, 'Well, they look like friendly Indians.'"

Indeed, for Holtz and his Razorbacks in their first bowl trip to Miami, it seemed to be the worst of times and the worst of times. What with getting little national respect despite a 10-1 season record (with their only loss being to Texas, Arkansas was ranked No. 6), suffering a season-long rash of injuries, and, finally, being stunned by misbehaving players, it seemed appropriate that when Holtz was asked how he was doing two days before the game he replied, "I'm one step short of suicide."

But, inexplicably, in a day of inexplicable games, the Hogs up and absolutely annihilated the proud Oklahoma Sooners (also 10-1, with a loss to the Longhorns) 31-6. In a sense, it was Oklahoma—Big Eight champ and No. 2-ranked nationally—that had done itself in. It wasn't as if the Sooners averted the fumble, but they brought it wide attention by losing 30 during the regular season, then in this final showcase against Arkansas by losing three more.

Hiding into the game, the Razorbacks had one major problem: their offense wasn't named to the traveling squad. Just before Christmas, Holtz announced that three key black players—Running Back Ben Cowens (1,192 yards, 14 touchdowns), top Receiver Donny Bobo (22 catches, six touchdowns) and second-team Running Back Michael Forrest (310 yards, two touchdowns)—would be left home as punishment for an incident involving a woman in a dorm room. Then a lawyer stepped in on the players' behalf, a boycott by the team's blacks was threatened (it didn't materialize) and Arkansas morale was in the pits and sinking. At which time Holtz burned a hole in his new blue sweater. "Sometimes the light at the end of the tunnel," Holtz said before he sent his sense of humor packing, "is an oncoming train." Then the game started and on the fourth play one of his best play-

THE BEAR AND 'BAMA CAST THEIR BALLOT

In New Orleans no one involved with the

Sugar Bowl felt any great compulsion to discuss anything as mundane as a national championship before the game. Instead, they were talking about the dream matchup of Woody and The Bear, who almost incidentally had brought along their teams from Ohio State and Alabama. But like piping-hot gambles, too much of a good thing can result in heartburn, which finally inspired Ohio State Tailback Jeff Logan to say, "I think everyone is tired of hearing about Woody Hayes and Bear Bryant. I wish they'd just send the two of them into another room and let us play."

On that note, Woody and Bear agreed not to tape their ankles and settled down to a nice little sideline game of two-handed stud, the game ball to the one who drew to the most inside straights. Before Alabama won in a lougher, 35-6, the two old fundamentalists had made the game field goal obsolete and were playing as if punting was for the faint of heart.

Still, it was not a masterful stroke of football genius, but a failure of communication that broke open the first meeting ever between Ohio State and Alabama. The mix-up came after Bryant had uncharacteristically fallen asleep and gone for a touchdown on fourth down from the Ohio State three with the score 0-0. Instead of a chip-shot field goal, Bryant called for a quarterback option. No gain. No score. "At the time I didn't think of the field goal," Bryant said later. "I wished I had."

But a few moments later the Tide was rolling again, this time to the Buckeye 10. Fullback Johnny Davis gained three on first down, then a pass. Jeff Rutledge to Wide Receiver Orze Newsome, sailed incomplete. "O.K.," Bryant decided on the sidelines, "let's run 34 end around"—a reverse to Newsome.

Part of that play's deception is to send in Split End Bruce Bolton for Tight End Rick Neal. Bolton lines up wide, Newsome becomes the tight end. However, on the preceding play Newsome was slow getting up. When he saw Bolton charging on the field, Newsome assumed he was being replaced and went to the sidelines. Realizing what had happened, Neal remained on the field but shifted to split end and the 170-pound Bolton lined up at tight end. On the reverse, Bolton earned to the one. Bryant once more spurned the field goal on fourth down but this time he was rewarded by seeing Tony Nathan drive over for the score. Deciding that Bolton and Newsome worked well together, Bryant put them both in the next time Alabama had the ball. From the Buckeye 27 Rutledge dropped back and looked at Newsome, who had gone down the left sideline, then threw to the right, to the streaking Bolton, who was all alone at the goal line. A missed conversion left the score 13-0.

With time running out in the half, it was Woody's turn to play ravenous gambler. On fourth and four from the Alabama five, he went for the big score, got only two yards on a sweep by Jim Harrell and headed for the locker room without a point. When the game was over, Alabama had rolled up 389 yards against an Ohio State defense that was ranked seventh in the country, and suddenly everyone in New Orleans was talking national championship.

Said Hayes, "If Alabama isn't No. 1, then nobody ever has been."

"I've got one vote in the coaches' poll," Bryant said. "Unless I see something to change my mind, I'm going to vote for us."

Let's see, that makes two so far for Alabama.

—PAT PUTNAM

HAS THE LAST LAUGH

ers, Safety Howard Sampson, broke his right forearm.

Still, Arkansas fans kept saying, "Oklahoma has got a lot, but we've got a little." The dual reference was to Oklahoma's flashy quarterback, Tom Lott, who on this occasion certainly was not too much for the Hogs, and to Steve Little, Arkansas' kicker who did, for sure, a lot to make it one beautiful night for his team with a field goal, four extra points and a third-down 63-yard quick kick that caught the Oklahoma defense napping.

The Sooners took the opening kickoff and a minute, 22 seconds later Billy Sims produced the first fumble. Arkansas recovered on the Oklahoma nine, and in two plays Roland Sales scored from a yard out. Deeper into the first quarter, the Sooners' Kenny King fumbled, the Hogs covered it and Sales promptly rambled 38 yards to the D4 three. Quarterback Ron Callagin subsequently took it in, and with the score 14-0 at the half, the heretofore jovial Sooners, who had come into the game 18-point favorites, had the look of death. In the third quarter, Little ho-burned a 32-yard field goal. On the Razorbacks' next offensive series Sales went crazy, going 12 yards, then 38, then twisting for four and the score that made it 24-0. Oklahoma fumbled again—but you've heard all this before.

Sales was hugged by his mother afterward, and he shrugged, "It wasn't anything at all." Then he panted, grinned and said, "Yes, it was." It certainly was. The sophomore from Fort Worth, who had gained 399 yards in the regular season, ripped through the vaunted Sooner defense for two touchdowns and 205 yards, an Orange Bowl record and only 25 yards less than Oklahoma, the No. 1 rushing team in the nation, managed to total. Sales also was the game's leading receiver with four catches good for 52 yards.

It was only a year ago that Holtz was ending an unhappy less-than-one-season tour as coach of the New York Jets. "But at last I'm getting rid of my house up there," he said. A listener said it was nice he got it sold. "Sold? It's being repossessed." Holtz was laughing like there's no tomorrow. And certainly no yesterdays. —DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



Albino. Washington's Joe Steele has plenty of landing room between the spaced-out Wolverines

A PERFECT MOON SHOT FOR THE HUSKIES

On Saturday night, Dec. 1, the Washington Huskies were sadly flying home with a 1-3 record. Minnesota had just beaten them on a last-minute field goal, and it appeared that once again their season would be ruinous. Instead, Washington won six of its last seven regular season games, outscored its opponents 238-103 and earned its first trip to the Rose Bowl in 14 years. The astounding climax of this remarkable comeback came last Monday in the Rose Bowl, where the Huskies upended heavily favored Michigan 27-20. It was the Pacific Eight's eighth win over the Big Ten in the last nine Rose Bowls. And it was Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler's fifth bowl loss in five tries.

Michigan, which trailed 17-0 at halftime, might have been able to make it all the way back in the second half except for Washington's determined defense, which complemented its wide-open offense. On the third play of the second half Wolverine Defensive Back Michael Jolly intercepted a Warren Moon pass on the Washington 36 and took it back to the 11. It seemed Michigan would be in and be back in contention.

But with fourth and two on the three, Michigan's Roosevelt Smith gained zero against the left side of the Washington line. The Huskies took over and moved 97 yards in 12 plays, mainly on Moon's passing and Joe Steele's running. Moon, who had been denied by Husky fans for three years, capped the drive by throwing to his favorite target, world-class hurdler Spider Gaines, for a 28-yard touchdown. The extra point made it 24-0, and the Huskies seemed out of reach.

Those bush-through-the-line teams from Michigan and Ohio State are not supposed to be able to come from behind—Michigan

failed miserably at it in the Rose Bowl only last year—but this time junior Quarterback Rick Leach almost pulled it off.

Leach is not the sort of passer the pros drool over, but late in the third quarter he connected with Curt Stephenson on a 76-yard touchdown pass, a Rose Bowl record, to narrow the gap to 24-7. After a Steve Robbins field goal made it 27-7, Leach's passes helped Michigan drive to a second score. Russell Davis ending the 78-yard march by driving over from the two. With most of the fourth quarter to go, it was 24-14. A 32-yard touchdown pass from Leach to Stanley Edwards narrowed the margin to seven, but the extra-point try was blocked.

Washington couldn't move the ball, and Michigan had a couple of gasps left. But Leach had no more touchdowns left in his strong left arm. Husky Linebacker Michael Jackson intercepted a Leach pass on the Washington eight with 1:21 remaining, and Defensive Back Nesby Glasgow stole another at the Washington seven with 32 seconds to go.

Before the game Moon had said, "This pressure is nothing to me after what I've been through the last three years. I can say that I only felt really comfortable playing the last four home games of this season. I guess that's why I played some of my best games on the road." At Pasadena he passed for 188 yards and a touchdown and ran for two more scores.

"We didn't play a perfect game, but we played as well as I think we can," said third-year Washington Coach Don James. "We had to throw to beat Michigan. I knew we would have to take chances to win. I really thought before the game that Michigan was a better team than we were, but I have a lot more respect for my team right now." —JOE JAKES

MACY HAD THE GOODS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Notre Dame set a lot of store by a scouting report that underrated Kentucky Guard Kyle Macy, who paced the No. 1 Wildcats to a 73-68 victory **by LARRY KEITH**

Wherever it is that old basketball coaches go when they die, Adolph Rupp is there now, wearing his brown suit, sipping his smooth bourbon and cursing his cruel fate. Here he is, five seasons retired and a month removed from this earth; and there they are, the Kentucky Wildcats, a superb team but not his team at all. As Kentucky turned back Notre Dame 73-68 in "neutral" Louisville last week, you could almost hear The Baron grumbling above the din made by 16,400 pom-pom-shaking fanatics: "Well, he must have said to colleagues Nasmith and Allen, 'I'm here if they need me.'"

The tradition and fervor so evident in Freedom Hall was a testament to Rupp's ears on the job, but everything else about this Kentucky team belongs to Joe Hall. The former Rupp player and assistant coach has guided the Wildcats through a torturous first-month schedule and brought them out of it unbeaten, top-ranked and favored to win the NCAA championship in March. The big prize is about the only one that has eluded Hall. Since succeeding Rupp, he has won the SEC championship twice and the NIT once and has reached the NCAA finals. But he has not won a national title, and there are those in Kentucky who feel it is about time he did. Rupp, after all, won four in only 41 seasons of trying.

"Being in the shadow of Coach Rupp hasn't been easy," Hall said before the Notre Dame game last week. "It will only get easier as I have more success. When I first took over the team, I was struggling. Now I feel that we've begun to turn the corner."

Hall's progress suffered a setback last year even before Kentucky's loss to North Carolina in the finals of the East Region. The NCAA found the Wildcats guilty of 14 recurring infractions and imposed a two-year limitation on the number of scholarships they could award. Hall says that the infractions were minor ones, such as giving free T-shirts to high-schoolers, but there are those who feel that the penalty was imposed not only on the basis of violations that the

NCAA could firmly prove but also on the basis of uncorroborated testimony. For example, one player now attending another school told investigators that a Kentucky horse breeder had offered to buy and maintain a thoroughbred for him after graduation, if the player went to Kentucky. Because the player received no horse and no breeder has admitted to offering him one, the NCAA could not include this alleged violation on the list of Wildcat infractions. Nonetheless, some Kentuckians believe their team is actually being penalized for just such unsupported allegations.

As if the eyes of Rupp and the hand of the NCAA were not problems enough, Hall believes his job this year was made even more difficult: when several preseason polls ranked the Wildcats No. 1 "It's very seldom that a team starts out on top and goes all the way," he says. "I think we deserved it, but it would have been more beneficial if we had been rated sixth or seventh. At times we've played as if we'd already achieved what we wanted. Last year I felt we had a great team, as good as any I've seen since the Walton era at UCLA, but so far this season we haven't been that good yet."

Let anyone have undue sympathy for Hall, consider the feelings of the seven opponents the Wildcats had thrashed by an average of 22.7 points before last Saturday. Among them were Indiana and Kansas, which could well become the champions of the Big Ten and Big Eight Conferences, respectively. But it was not until after the finals of the Kentucky Invitational three weeks ago, in which the Wildcats walloped St. John's 102-72, that Hall would admit, "The team is out of the doghouse now." And it is clear that the coach feels Rover can still learn some new tricks—and improve on the old ones.

Although the nucleus of last season's 26-4 team has returned, Kentucky has made some significant adjustments. Seniors Rick Robey, Mike Phillips and Jack Givens still form the imposing frontcourt, but the guards are new. Because of in-



juries, Jay Shidler has lost his guard position to junior Truman Claytor, and Kyle Macy, a transfer from Purdue, has succeeded Larry Johnson, who graduated, at the point. Meanwhile, Hall is using his bench more than Rupp ever dared. Against Notre Dame, 6'10" freshman Center Chuck Aleksinas had more points, rebounds and playing time than four-year starter Phillips. As for team balance, four different players have led the Wildcats in scoring, five are averaging in double figures, and Hall is pleased to note, "We've been inconsistent in the way we win." In other words, Kentucky has overcome every device the opposition could concoct.

The Wildcats had reason to fear Notre Dame, not only because of its No. 4 ranking and 7-1 record but also because of its reputation for staging major upsets. Already this season the Irish had pulled a biggie by winning at UCLA. But their flair for the dramatic has rarely extended to Louisville, where Notre Dame and Kentucky have been meeting annually since 1960, splitting the sizable gate receipts. Former Notre Dame Coach



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICH CLARRISON

LAST in the game, Macy drove around Robey's pick and got a hoop that put the 'Cats ahead for good

Johnny Dee once called the game "the Rose Bowl of college basketball," but for the Irish it has been more a bed of thorns. Kentucky has now won all but three of those 18 games, and Hall's record against Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps is 5-1.

Even before last week, Phelps said he had had enough. When the current contract expires, after the 1980 game, he would like to continue the series on a home-and-home basis. "If we were playing in South Bend, they'd really be sweating it," he said. "Down here they have everything in their favor."

As the crowd flies and the heart beats, Louisville is a lot closer to Lexington, Ky. than it is to South Bend, Ind. When the two teams held a public workout at Freedom Hall last Friday, approximately 8,000 people showed up to ogle and cheer their beloved 'Cats; only about 80 stayed to pass silent judgment on Notre Dame. Not liking the odds, Phelps arranged to have a six-piece band brought in for the game the next afternoon. "They only need to know how to play one song," he said. As it turned out, the combo knew *The Notre Dame*

Victory March, but its rendition was less than inspired—or inspiring.

The band's tinny trumpet was no worse than Notre Dame's play in the first half. For the opening 10:33, Bill Hanzlik was the only Irish player to score, and Kentucky led 20-8. Meanwhile, Givens was on his way to a 16-point half, and Macy was proving wrong the Irish scouting report that called him a weak defensive player. He pressured Rich Branning into three turnovers on two five-second calls and a steal. And he showed why he is leading SEC teams in assists when he set up a dunk by Robey with a court-length pass.

This was nothing compared to what Macy did in the second half. After the Irish, playing with much more discipline than they had early in the game, had fought from 10 points down to take a three-point advantage with less than four minutes remaining, Macy scored eight straight points—a 22-foot jumper, a twisting baseline layup that put the Wildcats in the lead for good, a 12-foot jumper and two free throws—to enable Kentucky to regain the lead and ice the

victory. In the Most Valuable Player balloting, Macy's 18 points and five assists made him the landslide winner with 54 of 56 votes. "I completely blew the scouting report on him," said Notre Dame Assistant Coach Danny Nee. "I didn't think he was nearly this good."

Macy might have been easier to scout had he not sat out last year following his transfer from Purdue. Although he averaged 14 points a game as a Bodermaker freshman, he decided to quit because he felt Purdue Coach Fred Schaus was not sufficiently emphasizing team play. Macy contacted a number of schools, ranging from DeKalb (Ga.) Community College (South) to Vanderbilt, but he decided on Kentucky, because "I wanted to make a step up from Purdue, not a step down." Macy might have attended Kentucky originally except that while he was considering his decision, Hall went ahead and signed Claytor. "Knowing that you've already made one mistake, it's a lot harder making a decision on which school to pick as a transfer than it is as a high school senior," Macy says. "Now I'm happy."

Robey claims that the real reason Macy did not come to Kentucky in the first place is that he made the recruit push Robey's Gran Torino out of the snow when Macy was making a campus visit. The two have become good friends since. Last summer they both worked at nearby Claiborne Farm and in the evening played basketball together. Robey also got married and made \$3,000 selling calendars to local businesses.

Finding willing customers was no problem for Robey; even though Givens is the team's leading scorer and Macy's catalyst, Robey is the dominant player and personality. Since last season, a weight-lifting program has trimmed four inches off his waist and added four inches to his vertical jump. Now he is probably the most nimble 6'10" forward in the country, a 230-pound bruiser with a deft shooting touch with either hand. "If we play to our capabilities, we'll be O.K.," he says.

Hall still believes that those capabilities have not been reached, that the Wildcats will get even better. "We've beaten some good teams without playing our best," he said last Saturday. And they've done it without calling on Adolph.



WHOLLY MOSES FOR DENVER

Haven Moses' two TD catches led Denver past Oakland for the AFC title

by Dan Jenkins

Moses is evasive after snaring Morton's pass in the end zone to put the Broncos ahead 20-10

TOO TALL, TOO MEAN, TOO MUCH

Ed Jones and Harvey Martin helped Dallas defeat Minnesota in the NFC

by Joe Marshall

Too Tall Jones (72) forced two Viking fumbles, made eight unassisted tackles and had one sack



The recipe for Orange Crush Super Bowl Punch is as follows: take five 10-ounce bottles of Orange Crush, add two quarts of ginger ale, two pints of orange sherbet, one cup of limeade concentrate, a fifth of gin or vodka and two trays of ice cubes. And, of course, it would not hurt to mix in a Craig Morton, a Haven Moses and a head linesman who might not recognize a fumble if he found it under his bed sheets. As Broncomania raged far into the night last Sunday in Denver, one could imagine an entire city pouring such a beverage all over itself, and if you happened to be an Oakland Raider, you went away from the American Conference championship game thinking it might be the Year of the Horse in China and Colorado, but it's the Year of the Zebra in the NFL.

Once again a fellow in one of those striped shirts—a zebra, a game official—made a crucial decision that will live on long after the amazing Denver Broncos

have taken their act to New Orleans for Super Bowl XII against the Dallas Cowboys. In what was otherwise a stunning and rousing game that Denver probably deserved to win anyhow, the Broncos were helped immensely by a fumble that was ruled to be no such thing by an official who may not have been in a position to make the call in the first place.

Before and after this critical play near Oakland's goal line in the third quarter, Morton and Moses stung the Raiders with a passing combination that filled Mile High Stadium with a roar resembling that of a squadron of Concordes on takeoff. It has been a familiar sound around Denver for several months now, but never had Morton's arm and Moses' hands wreaked such devastation.

In the first quarter Morton, perhaps the most maligned quarterback of our time, hit Moses with a 35-yard strike that became a 74-yard touchdown play when Moses snagged the perfect spiral, did a Nureyev along the sideline in front of

the Oakland bench and started racing for the French Quarter. In the fourth quarter Morton found Moses in the Raiders' end zone from 12 yards away and threw him a low pitch that the wide receiver gathered in with a diving catch for what proved to be the clinching score in the 20-17 thriller.

A good many people, however, are going to argue that the real clincher came in the third period when Denver, leading 7-3 and about to score again following a fumble recovery by Brison Manor on the Oakland 17, was saved by a zebra's whistle. When a fumble was not a fumble in the same way that Baltimore's Bert Jones did not fumble—ho! ho! ho!—in the New England game.

It was a maddening and confusing scene near the goal line after Oakland's Jack Tatum cracked Denver's Rob Lytle, knocking the ball loose, and Mike McCoy recovered it for the Raiders at the Oakland five. And it was just as maddening up in the press box, where var-

continued



There were the Minnesota Vikings all set to inflict on another Super Bowl their flattop haircuts, the defense of the '50s and an offense of the '20s that puts more emphasis on going the width of the field than the length of it. Four times the Vikings had reached the NFC championship game, and each time they had won it—only to be humiliated by a modernized AFC powerhouse in the Super Bowl. But on New Year's Day in Texas Stadium the Dallas Cowboys—in particular Ed (Too Tall) Jones and Harvey (Too Mean) Martin, their massive defensive ends—pulled the plug on the Vikings, beating them 23-6 and winning the NFC title for the second time in three years.

It wasn't that easy for Dallas. The Cowboy offense sputtered, wasting numerous opportunities to put the Vikings away. Minnesota hung on grimly, and midway through the fourth quarter trailed by just 10 points, 16-6. But the Vikes could never escape the clutches of Doomsday II—the up-to-the-minute version of the Dallas Doomsday Defense. It

was simply Too Tall (Jones helped force two fumbles, had one sack and made eight unassisted tackles), Too Mean (Martin recovered two fumbles) and too much for a Minnesota team that sorely missed its injured quarterback, Fran Tarkenton.

On offense, what the Cowboys lacked in execution they made up for in good, old-fashioned razzle-dazzle. All three of Dallas' touchdowns were scored or set up by clever plays. The first came on the Cowboys' second offensive play of the day, shortly after Minnesota Running Back Robert Miller, with the 6' 8", 265-pound Jones staring him in the face, had muffed a hand-off from Quarterback Bob Lee at the Viking 40-yard line and Martin had made the first of his fumble recoveries.

Cowboy Coach Tom Landry had noticed in films that Viking Cornerback Bobby Bryant reacted quickly on screen passes, so he plotted to sucker Bryant in and then bomb him deep. The play started at the Minnesota 32-yard line with

continued



BRONCOS continued

ious NFL moguls needed 30 minutes to get their story straight and provide an official explanation.

No, it wasn't a fumble, folks. Head Linesman Ed Marion said he had blown the ball dead before Lytle was blasted by Tatum, that his forward motion had been stopped. To most people, it appeared that no one had laid a finger on Lytle until Tatum hit him, and that Lytle's motion was still forward when the ball popped loose. Oakland Corner Linebacker Floyd Rice felt this so strongly that during the ensuing argument he pushed both Marion and Umpire Ralph McCroft. The half-the-distance umportsmanlike conduct penalty called against Rice meant very little, for the ball was already on the Oakland two, and on the next play Jon Keyworth took a pitchout from Morton, got a good block from Otis Armstrong and sprinted around right end for the touchdown to make the score 14-3.

For its part, Oakland had not looked

continued

Denver's Grabshar (top) and Rizzo crashed Blalock's pass, selecting her with a shoulder injury.

COWBOYS continued

Wide Receiver Drew Pearson going in motion from the right side to the left, where the Cowboys' other wide receiver, Golden Richards, was lined up. Taking the snap, Roger Staubach faked a hand-off into the line to Robert Newhouse, then straightened up and pumped his arm toward Pearson on the left side-line. Immediately, Bryant reacted toward Pearson and when he did, Richards, who had moved downfield as if to block for Pearson, sped past Bryant and headed for the corner of the end zone.

Staubach, seeing a gaping hole in front of him, was tempted to run, but at the last second he spotted the wide-open Richards and lobbed a long pass to him. Richards lost the ball temporarily in the lights and, backpedaling, nearly fell, but he managed to make a breadbasket catch in the end zone for a 6-0 lead.

The way the Dallas defense played, that touchdown could have clinched the game, but Defensive End Carl Eller deflected Efrén Herrera's extra-point try wide to the right.

The clinching touchdown came early in the second quarter on a five-yard run

by Newhouse, who led all rushers with 81 yards. The big play in that drive, which covered 46 yards after the Cowboy defense had bottled up the Vikings near their goal line, was another piece of deception.

This time, however, it was unplanned. On fourth down at the Minnesota 43, Danny White, back to punt for the Cowboys, saw an open field in front of him and took off. "That sort of thing is always my decision," said White, who hadn't made a similar decision all year. "and if it doesn't work I'm the goat. I can just keep on running."

As it was, White gained 14 yards, the Cowboys' second longest run from scrimmage, and a first down at the 29. Dallas quickly scored, Herrera converted, and the Cowboys led 13-0.

On the Vikings' next two possessions, Lee moved them briskly into scoring position and 38-year-old Fred Cox, playing his last game, booted field goals of 32 and 37 yards, bringing Minnesota to within a touchdown at 13-6. But Dallas countered by driving 70 yards and getting a 21-yard field goal from Herrera in

the closing seconds of the first half to take a 16-6 lead.

For a long time, it seemed there would be no more scoring. The Dallas offense was floundering, while Too Tall, Too Mean and the rest of Doomsday II were holding Minnesota to just three first downs in the third quarter, including one that came on a roughing-the-kicker penalty, and two in the fourth.

The Cowboys got their last touchdown late in the game after Linebacker Thomas Henderson brutally separated Minnesota's Manfred Moore from a punt. Jay Saldi of the Cowboys scooped up the ball and kept going nine more yards to the Viking 35. From there Dallas used five successive runs to score, the touchdown once again coming on a gaudy play on third and six at the Minnesota 11.

The Cowboys lined up in the shotgun, normally a passing formation, instead of passing, however, Staubach handed to Dorsett on an inside reverse and he out-raced the Vikings to the right corner of the end zone. Moments later Henderson intercepted a Lee pass. And then it was Hello, Super Bowl.

160

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sharp—Ken Stabler hadn't been able to find Dave Casper yet, mainly because Casper was getting mugged by the Bronco linebackers on every play—and now, suddenly, the Raiders had a zebra problem on top of everything else.

Upstairs, there was a rather bizarre scene after the non-fumble. Sitting only a few feet apart were NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle and Oakland Managing General Partner Al Davis, who is not Rozelle's greatest fan. Rozelle sat silently throughout the fumble incident, only occasionally whispering something to one of his employees.

But Davis was yelling. "What's going on here?" he hollered. "What the hell's going on here?"

Every time Davis watched the fumble replayed on a television monitor, he looked bilious.

"What am I, a street urchin?" Davis hollered. "I know who's supposed to make a call on that kind of play. It's not the head linesman. What the hell can they see from where they are?"

Davis then turned and noticed that Rozelle was deep in a huddle with Assistant Supervisor of Officials Nick Skorich, NFL PR chief Jim Heffernan and AFC official Val Punchbeck. "Look at them," Davis said. "They're working up the story."

Later on, the parties directly involved had a word or two on the subject.

"There was no whistle," McCoy said. "No whistle, I'm telling you. I heard the hit and here came the ball."

Lytle said, "I really wasn't thinking about it. I was hurting too much with a hip pointer. It might have been a quick whistle, I'll have to admit."

What the incident did was detract from the splendid job that Coach Red Miller's Broncos did in taking the battle straight to the Raiders and never losing their poise or their confidence. This was a fine football team ready to play a good game—and win it, as Miller had predicted the day before.

The Broncos came on the field with the kind of emotion expected of them. They hopped around like collegians, or maybe people who have a friendly neighborhood drugstore. At times Lyle Alzado, the bearded defensive end, appeared to be lecturing the Raiders, pointing, gesturing and babbling away, particularly at Tackle Art Shell. Whether it was in the game plan or not, the Bronco defense went about the business of tiring out the

Oakland offense. Or rendering it useless, as Linebackers Joe Rizzo and Randy Gradishar did when they turned Fred Biletnikoff upside down after a catch and sent him from the game with a dislocated shoulder.

On their first two possessions, the Raiders simply had the ball forever. The first time, they kept it 18 plays and used up more than eight minutes, as Shell and Guard Gene Upshaw cleared wide holes for Pete Banaszak. Banaszak carried the ball on eight out of nine plays as the Raiders droned down to the Denver three. There, however, Stabler threw away a third-down pass, Biletnikoff being covered in the end zone. The Raiders had to be content with Errol Mann's 20-yard field goal, which, momentarily at least, silenced the 74,982 fanatics of Orange Crush Super Bowl Punch.

On its second possession Oakland kept the ball for a little more than seven minutes, and largely on the strength of a couple of Stabler tosses to Branch and Biletnikoff, the Raiders rumbled to the Denver 12. But Mann's 29-yard field-goal attempt, which he was obliged to kick with the laces facing him, not away from him, smacked into the right upright and glanced off the wrong way. No good.

Thus, after the first 18½ minutes of the game, the arithmetic was fascinating: the Raiders had held the ball for more than 16 of those minutes but had come away with no more for their efforts than a crummy three points.

And it was between those drives that Morton did the first of his wonderful things with Moses. The first touchdown play, the 74-yarder, was a tip-off that Morton was ready to play. Here was the Denver quarterback, hobbling around with a sore hip and a bruised reputation. He had been in the hospital until Thursday and had not practiced all week, and he looked like a fellow who couldn't outrun an armadillo. The day before the game, in fact, Miller told the other Broncos that Morton's availability probably would not be determined until game time. But Morton said he had found Jesus, and he had found a lovely wife, too. Perhaps as important, he also found Haven Moses. During the afternoon, Moses caught five passes for a whopping 168 yards—and those two touchdowns.

And then there was the Denver defense. It bent and wrinkled, but it never stopped punishing the Raiders. Only the

magnificent Casper could make it ooze blood. Casper finally eluded the Denver linebackers long enough to catch Stabler's two touchdown passes in the fourth quarter.

Early in that final quarter, after Casper had caught his first touchdown pass to narrow Denver's lead to 14-10, another furious rush from Alzado and friends forced Stabler to make a poor throw over the middle and into the chest of Bronco Linebacker Bob Swenson. That turnover gave Denver the ball on the Oakland 17 and led to the pass Morton sailed toward the end-zone sod, in the hope that Moses would get there first, which, magnificently, he did.

This put Denver ahead 20-10, but when Jim Turner, who had a miserable day, missing three field goals, couldn't even get the extra-point try away because of a bad snap, Oakland needed only a touchdown and a field goal in the final 7:33 to force an overtime for the second straight week. Casper got the touchdown, making a difficult catch in the end zone, but the Raiders never saw the ball again as Denver, getting big efforts from Lonnie Perrin and Armstrong, ran out the final three minutes and eight seconds.

Later, Moses said he didn't do anything special to get so open so often. "I was just playing my tail off," he said. Nor would Morton reveal any secrets, after he thanked the Lord and his wife.

"The first touchdown was a Q pattern," he said. "It was a route we felt would be a good one against them. Haven ran it perfectly. The last touchdown was one of those things that happens in a game. It was supposed to be for Riley Odums, but he slipped down. Haven saw the thing break down and changed his direction. I was lucky to have enough time to see him."

Morton practically collapsed in the dressing room, while on the field the Orange Crushers were tearing down both goalposts and pretty much acting as if somebody had found gold again near the South Platte River. He could hear a couple of thousand fans chanting, singing, laughing, weeping.

"It's not the hip," Morton said. "I'm frankly just overcome with emotion." At the same time, so was Davis.

"We didn't play very well, damn it, but the fumble comes big," he said. "The fumble comes real big."

As big as New Orleans.

END

...AND AWAY WE GO



It's too cold outside to play golf but you have the itch, so you flip on the old set to watch Big Jack launch the new season in one of those warm places where you'd like to be. Perhaps you'll pick up a few pointers. Now the old set may be fuzzy, but the big Jack you see hamming it up is not the one you had in mind, and all you can learn from him is how to do a soft shoe across a green. The celebrity season is under way, and for the next month the pro tour will feature actors, crooners and an ex-President, most of them swinging like prospectors digging for gold. But everyone has fun, which is what Bing Crosby, the man who started it all, had in mind 40 years ago when he invited a bunch of friends to a clambake. Later this month son Nathaniel, 16, who is a one-handicap golfer, will host the Crosby. So tune in just about any weekend and you, too, can be swinging on a star.

How sweet golf is for Gleason, who has turned his slender talent for the game into a hefty TV deal





True to his role, Eastwood bleats when trapped



Rookie on the pro-am circuit, in from D.C., little low on his follow-through, but made a hole in one



Every time he sinks a birdie putt, Wilson flips



Long drive to right, Joe, but it's curving loaf



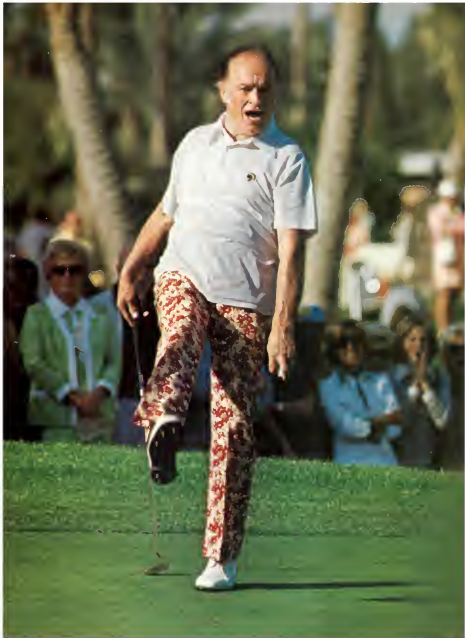
*Even when this Jack hits the ball 250 yards down the middle, which isn't often, it's still a Lennon
RhinoStone cowboy Campbell gives the bell a belt*



In 1971 Sheppard's game was out of this world



Moon River is wider than a river, but if it was a putting green Andy would be crossing it in style



THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES, BOB AND BING

No one has played in more pro-celebrity golf tournaments than Bob Hope. He was there at the beginning, paired with Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and his friend Bing Crosby at Rancho Santa Fe, eight years before the Crosby moved north to Pebble Beach. This year, at 74, he will probably appear at a dozen tournaments, most immediately Tucson, Phoenix, the Crosby and, of course, his own Desert Classic, at Palm Springs.

"I play only one day at my tournament," Hope said recently. "It's a hectic week, with guests and parties. President Ford added a lot to last year's event. He asked me if I minded if he played all four days. Minded? The word got around, and we had our biggest year. Just the other day we were able to donate \$846,000 to charity."

Hope is a 15-handicapper these days. "I used to be a four," he says. "I seem to play even better in pro-ams. They steel me. I'm up and alive. I'm part tiger anyway, and playing in front of large crowds improves my game."

One veteran pro who has been paired with virtually every celebrity agrees with Hope's self-analysis. "He's a very tough competitor," the man says. "His swing is good and he's a straight driver. He keeps the ball in play."

Here are the pro's scouting reports on other celebrities:

Glen Campbell (name handicap: "Very good. Length is his strong point. Bobby Nichols and he are good friends and Bobby has given him a lot of help.")

Joe Garagiola (15): "Enthusiastic."

Flip Wilson (18): "Looks like Lee Elder, plays like Katse Elder."

Alan Shepard (15): "A weekend player with a dry sense of humor. He'll have completely severed your leg before you realize he's pulling it."

Jackie Gleason (14): "His swing may not be picturesque, but his pool-cue

finesse is evident around the greens."

Clint Eastwood (18): "Good friends with Raymond Floyd. Prefers tennis."

Efrem Zimbalist (12): "Nice guy, takes a lot of lessons."

Andy Williams (16): "A good short game, but not much else."

James Garner (four): "An excellent player who once had a terrible temper. Years ago he had a tantrum and picked up in one pro-celeb. When the tournament was over, it was suggested he be given the award for the amateur who helped his partner most."

Gerald Ford (15): "He never got to play enough. Why shouldn't he now? He showed up for seven pro-ams last year. What else has he got to do?"

Jack Lemmon (17): "Probably the worst of the celebrities, but the guy tries very hard. You have to like him for that. He once said he'd rather do *Hamlet* unrehearsed than play in a pro-am."

"Most celebrities love these events," says Arnold Palmer. "They're golfers. They enjoy the game, participating in competition. And I think they enjoy the fans watching them, the attention."

"Sure, they get nervous. Heck, pros get nervous on the first tee, too. Here the pro sets the mood. If he's relaxed, the amateur tends to be. If he's dead serious, the celeb plays it straight."

A story is told of a show-biz personality who turned up "very tired," as they put it, on the first tee at the Hope. He teed up his ball and took a swing at it, missing on the outside. Then he missed on the inside. Then he picked up, at which point his partner said, "Don't stop now. You have a no-hitter going."

Dave Marr, now a television commentator, recalls his first Crosby. He played with Robert Goulet, who Marr says, "hadn't had much instruction." But that

seldom matters on such occasions. More memorable was walking to the practice putting green at the Del Monte Lodge and hearing a terrible scream coming from the ground-floor bar. Marr ran over, thinking someone had been killed. It turned out to be Johnny Weissmuller giving his Tarzan yell.

"Another time," Marr says, "I went to the putting green at dawn—I had an early tee time—and no one was around, not even fans. The only person there was Gordon MacRae, who was practicing while singing *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning*. And, you know, it was."

There is a pleasant camaraderie for the participants, but why does the public pay good money to watch mediocre golf? SI's Dan Jenkins says, "They just want to see celebrities standing around in their cashmere looking like they do on television. They don't particularly want to see them looking for a ball in the ice plant. Most people live in St. Louis, or somewhere, and the only celebrity they've ever seen is a local disc jockey opening a new supermarket. If Tom Brokaw went to Des Moines and played Ping-Pong, people would flock to see him."

"I remember when I was 10 or 11, Bob Hope came to Fort Worth to play a golf exhibition at River Crest Country Club. It must have been to sell war bonds. I hustled out there and went 18 holes—not to see how well Hope hit the golf ball but just to see Bob Hope. I'll never forget one of his lines. He stood on a tee, addressing the ball. Then somebody started up a movie camera, which in those days made a considerable noise. Hope looked at the guy and said, 'Why the hell don't you shave at home?' Everybody fell down laughing, including me. It may have been the last time I ever laughed at a celebrity."

Hope springs eternal, even at 74, but actually Bob's game is so good it would make many dimes

A LITTLE HANKY-PANKY, BUT NO FIXES

No one ever went into the tank on the pro tennis tour during the '50s, although a couple of the superior players tried—and utterly failed—to carry opponents

by **JACK KRAMER** and **FRANK DEFORD**



When we were touring in those early years of professional tennis—from 1947-62—the constant knock was that we were fixed. This talk went back to the '30s, when some people claimed that Ellsworth Vines carried Fred Perry. But it was obviously ridiculous to say we were fixing when I beat Bobby Riggs 69 games to 20 or when I beat Pancho Gonzales 97-26. If you're fixing, you're going to try and keep it right around .500.

To my mind, the only fix in tennis at the time was the so-called "championships" in the amateurs, because the best tennis players, the pros, were barred. From 1931, when Bill Tilden turned professional, until 1968, when the game finally went open, almost every kid who won either Wimbledon or Forest Hills turned pro—first Vines, then Perry, Don Budge, Riggs, me, Frank Sedgman, Tony Trabert, Lew Hoad, Roy Emerson and Rod Laver. Plus Gonzales, Pancho Segura and Ken Rosewall. The only guys who won Wimbledon and Forest Hills and stayed amateur were Ted Schroeder, Vic Seixas and Neale Fraser. It was ludicrous. In 1957 when Mal Anderson beat Ashley Cooper at Forest Hills, it was on national TV, it was front-page sports news, there were big crowds, the works. A few weeks earlier, at Forest Hills, I had promoted a round robin featuring Gonzales, Sedgman, Segura, Trabert, Rosewall and Hoad. No TV. Little newspaper coverage. We lost money. And we were the best players in the world. When Cooper won both Wimbledon and Forest Hills a year later and turned pro, he had trouble winning anything.

Fixes, ha! One time I parceled out 102½% of the receipts to my players—

Pancho Gonzales was always temperamental; Bobby Riggs was usually getting "engaged"

in advance—so it shouldn't surprise you to find out that one reason we weren't fixed is because we would have botched up the fix.

There were three occasions when you might say there was a little hanky-panky. The first is strictly funny, and it was the only time I ever went into the tank. In 1952 I was playing Segura indoors in Hilo, Hawaii. It was raining, there weren't 100 people in the house and we were both tired from traveling. Before we went on we agreed that whoever won the first set fair and square would win the match—the other guy would throw the second. In other words, we were playing best of one but disguising it as best of three. Segoo wins the first set, and now it is my job to tank the second. And what does that sneaky little so-and-so do? He purposely starts making errors, screwing up all over the place. Have you ever tried to lose to somebody who is not trying to win? It's much harder than trying to beat someone who is playing beautifully. Finally, I was able to outlose him. I served a double fault on break point.

Then, in 1950, there were no amateur stars ready to challenge me, but Riggs was hot to promote and so we put together another tour. We picked Segura as my opponent.

Now the thing about Segoo was that nobody had really heard of him or given him any credit, because he never played Davis Cup and he wasn't a grass-court player as an amateur. And he just didn't look like a player. In fact, he is kind of a freak. He can't do anything well competitively except hit a tennis ball. He's no good at golf; he's afraid to swing the club. He can't dance. He could never even learn backgammon. He's not too bad at gin, but when Riggs dealt cards, he always called a game known as Indicators because he knew that Segura didn't understand it, even after playing it for years. For that matter, Segura really never had a complete tennis game. It was practically impossible to get the ball to his backhand, because he would run around everything—he was quick—and hit his two-handed forehand. But, of course, he'd eventually wear himself out doing that.

But I'll tell you this about Segoo. There is no kinder and sweeter person around,

and there is no one who has ever loved the game of tennis as much. If the fans didn't know who he was when they came to the matches, they went away talking about him. He was colorful and that funny game of his was fascinating to watch. So he became a draw. Segoo did as much for pro tennis as anybody.

So Riggs gave Segoo a shot at me—even if we both knew he couldn't possibly beat me. Let me explain that. You see, the trouble with an extended tour is that it does not reflect a true rivalry. If one player is 10% better than another, I guarantee you he'll win not 10% more matches but 20% more, even 50% more. Once a player establishes himself over the other, it's all over, because then the other kid has to change his game and he is giving up a sure strength for a gamble. Two guys—say Bjorn Borg and Jimmy

Connors—might split their matches playing five or six times a year, but if they started playing every night, I guarantee you some isolated factor would exert itself and one player would soon dominate the other. It does not take much to tilt a tour, and Segoo could not handle my serve on the fast surfaces we played. It was that simple.

So, Riggs figured he needed another attraction, and luckily he had just the thing: Gorgeous Gussie Moran. Gussie had gotten all that publicity at Wimbledon for wearing lace panties under her tennis dress. People who didn't know Pancho Segura from Pancho Villa had heard of Gorgeous Gussie. Bobby signed her for a \$35,000 guarantee against 25%. It was such a nice chunk, I had to let Bobby cut me back to 25%. We gave Segoo \$1,000 a week plus 5%, and we hired

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Pancho Segura's greatest thrill came the night that disgraced Frank Sedgman bought him dinner.

Pauline Betz to play Gussie at a straight salary. Pauline was a heck of a player, one of the best three or four of all time. She had won Wimbledon once and Forest Hills four times. Then the amateur officials suspended her for merely talking about possibly turning pro, and she had been out of the spotlight for three years.

So Pauline was no longer well known, and that was our problem. Our star wasn't our star. Gussie was the attraction and she had never been champion. A couple of more years and she could have been tough, but at this point she just wasn't a fair match for Pauline. On top of everything else, Gorgeous Gussie wasn't quite as gorgeous as people were expecting. She was pretty but she was no Rita Hayworth in tennis shoes. I knew we were in trouble on opening night in Madison Square Garden, when Betz showed up in a leopard-skin outfit. She not only beat Gussie, she outdressed her.

We got fantastic publicity—in every city Gussie would be all over the papers—but nobody would pay to see her play. If ever I had doubts, I learned it for sure then: tennis fans come to see tennis. You can't con them. The lace-panty publicity was worthless. All that counted was that I was clobbering Segoo and Pauline was beating Gussie. Bobby came to me in Washington and said, "Kid, we got a problem."

Well, dammit, we were honest. Our solution was not to fix the matches, but to get rid of Pauline. We needed a weaker opponent for Gussie. We went to see Betz, and Bobby said, "Kid, isn't there something we can do to get you to sprain an ankle?" She looked bewildered. Riggs figured she must be negotiating. "All right, kid," he says, "we'll give you a car if you'll sprain an ankle." Now Pauline understood, and she broke down and cried.

At this point Bobby caught on that his direct approach was not working, and so he apologized and told Pauline to forget everything he had said. Unfortunately, as we left, he also said, "But look, kid, at least make it close." Which Pauline was nice enough to try and do. But in playing a simpler game, all she succeeded in doing was stalling her game and making it even sorer. Before, Gussie had at least had a shot at Pauline on one of her bad nights. Now Pauline was damn near unbeatable. Moreover, she was furious at Bobby and me. When Gussie finally did manage to beat her one night

in Milwaukee, Pauline left the court in tears, screaming at Bobby, "Well, I guess you're satisfied now."

I should have learned, after Bobby asked Pauline to keep it close, that a good competitor can't do that. You can't turn it on and off. But I didn't learn my lesson until I tried to pull the same kind of thing a few years later. This is what is on my conscience. This is the one thing I regret in all my years of tennis.

I have to set it up for you. In 1955 I signed Rosewall and Hoad to tour against Trabert and me. We were going to play a Davis Cup format: U.S. vs. Australia. The kids were signed when they were here in America, playing Forest Hills and the Davis Cup. Harry Hopman, their captain, who disliked and distrusted the pros, handled everything for them. He went over all my figures, all my books, before approving things for his kids.

But Rosewall and Hoad went back to Australia before the tour was to begin, and there Slatengers, the racket company Kenny represented, went to work on him and gave him a bonus. And Jenne Hoad went to work on her husband. They had just been married, and Jenne liked the idea of making one grand world tour—an amateur tour—as the wife of the champion. So they told me the tour was off. I had already signed contracts with lots of arenas, so I got the next flight to Australia and tried to patch things up. But what could I do? I didn't have any leverage. Our contract had not been made public, and I wasn't going to reveal that they weren't amateurs anymore. And I wasn't going to sue them, because I would need them later on.

I went back home. In 1956 Hoad won the first three legs of the Grand Slam, but Rosewall beat him at Forest Hills. I tried to get them both again. Kenny was ready to sign, but Hoad was still reluctant. I had retired by now, so I guaranteed Rosewall \$65,000 against 25%, then 30% after the first \$150,000, to play Gonzales.

Kenny probably still has every nickel of it. The Aussies were all tight kids then—"short arms and deep pockets" was their expression. One time on tour we came to the Pakistani border, and they were in the midst of some border dispute. There, at customs, is a guy—a smuggler, I guess—on the ground, bound and gagged. The local guy we're with

says, "Don't worry, this doesn't concern you, just make sure you declare everything. Everything." In those days we all carried lots of money with us. We'd get paid in cash in various currencies and try to trade up in dollars. But let me tell you, when I saw that poor guy bound and gagged at the Pakistani border, I declared every nickel. We'd picked up some diamonds in South Africa, and I laid them all out. Little Kenny Rosewall came through customs right after me, this angelic little baby face, carrying a Qantas flight bag like it was his school books. He declared a few dollars. The bound-and-gagged guy is looking up at us—these guys are playing hardball. You know, that little Rosewall had \$35,000 in cash in that Qantas bag. Nobody was going to mess with his money. Almost all the Aussies were like that. One time, on a radio program Down Under, the announcer asked Segura to name the greatest thrill of his life. "The night Frank Sedgman bought me dinner," Segoo replied.

Anyway, I signed up Rosewall and we opened in Australia as soon as he and Hoad had shut out the U.S. in the '56 Davis Cup Challenge Round. Now Rosewall was a popular little kid, but Hoad was the one I really wanted. He was big and strong, with a mean serve. Rosewall had a dink serve and played mostly at the baseline. I was afraid Gonzales would eat Rosewall alive. Tactics aside, you had to play a net game on tour or you'd wear yourself out. So, just before we opened I went to Gonzales and I offered him a deal. He was on a seven-year contract with me at 20%. I said, "Look, Gorgo, if you find some way to curry the kid, it's worth another 5% of the gross to you." Gonzales agreed.

So, the deed was done. But after the first four matches, which went 3-1 Gonzales, Gorgo came to me and said, "You got to let me out of this. I can't play when I'm thinking about trying to carry the kid. It just bothers me too much." It was obvious that it did, and it was also obvious that Rosewall wasn't the pushover I had feared, so I told Gonzales to forget the whole thing and play it straight—I'd keep him on the 25%.

The kicker to all this is that besides bothering me all these years it also threatened to cost me Gonzales. Shortly afterwards, when he was trying to get out of his contract, his lawyer went to court and argued that Pancho's contract was not valid anymore because I was not ad-

hering to the terms of the contract. I was paying 25% instead of the 20% promised. The judge said he was sorry, but he had never heard of anybody claiming an injustice because someone wanted to pay them more. He upheld the contract.

Actually, professional tennis was a very honorable business then. Many of my deals with promoters around the world were made with a handshake. And Riggs, for all his hustling, was one of the most honorable men I ever met in my life. You could absolutely trust his word. He promoted the Gonzales tour and the Gussie tour, and I never signed a piece of paper with him.

At the same time, Bobby is always looking for an edge. If you played cards, he would try to get by without anteing, or he'd try to sneak a peek at your hand. To him, that's just part of the game. I remember one time in Sydney when Segoo, Riggs, Dimmy Pails and myself were going out to dinner. In the hotel corridor Riggs suggested (as if it had just occurred to him) that we lag coats to see who paid for dinner. Segoo, Pails and I carefully tossed these big two-bob-coats down the carpeted hallway. When Riggs was ready to shoot he moved to the side of the corridor. The carpet was not wall-to-wall; it fell about half an inch short on either side. So Riggs just rolled his coin down this little track. It ran up to the wall, hit it and lay down flush against it. Nobody said you couldn't roll your coin.

Bobby was like that in every activity, always looking for the edge. With women he was never content just to hand out a good line when he could "get engaged." Bobby got engaged in lots of towns. If the girl he was after looked like she was interested in another player, Riggs would tell her (in the strictest confidence) that the poor fellow was gay. He'd talk to any woman. He was especially partial to rich ones. For a long time he had a girl named Judy who was a \$20 tipper. Buy a Coke, she'd tip a twenty. Bobby was priming her to bankroll a South American tour, but one day Judy and all her twenties just disappeared.

Riggs' passion, beyond tennis, was gambling. He'd bet on anything, but in tennis he pretty much restricted himself to doubles because he found it hard to get a good price on himself. Never mind the rankings and the experts and the Davis Cup selection committee. I knew I had arrived as a doubles player when Bobby offered me \$1,000 to play with

him in the national doubles (I stayed with Schroeder). For all the broads and the betting, Bobby wasn't much on booze, and he was always in much better shape than most people imagined. He didn't like the taste of whiskey, and the only times I ever saw him drink were when he was with women. I think he thought drinking helped his romantic image. But since he couldn't stand the taste, he'd line up three glasses in a row, one Scotch, one Coke, one iced tea. After he sipped the Scotch, he'd chase it with the Coke and tea to kill the taste.

It was the natural parlay of Gonzales' bad disposition and Riggs' love life that got me into promoting. My worst breaks always seemed to end up working in my favor. It came about this way. Riggs met with Sedgman and Ken McGregor at Forest Hills in '51 and convinced them to go on tour with Gonzales, Segura and himself. He squeezed me out simply by telling Sedgman, "Kramer's retired." It was as easy as getting engaged. He gave Sedgman and McGregor 55% to split any way they wanted. He, Segoo and Gorgo were going to split the remaining 45% three ways even.

This was Gonzales' chance to get back in the spotlight. He'd been nowhere since I whipped him in '49. Just as the tour dates were being shaped up, Gorgo came to Riggs and wanted to change the deal. He wanted 21 1/2% of Segura's cut. "There's no way that Segura is worth as much as me," he told Riggs.

Riggs was divorced from Kay, his first wife, and he had just met Patricia Wheeler, who was very attractive and very wealthy, and he figured, to heck with it, he didn't need Pancho Gonzales fouling up his happy life. He wired Sedgman in Australia that the whole thing was off and left to get married and hustle golf games for the next few years. I happened to be in Sydney at the time and I had been in touch with Sedgman regularly, trying to convince him that since Riggs had misrepresented my position, Sedg had signed on under false pretenses. Sedg refused to leave Bobby until Bobby left him, but then he called me up. It was much too late to get a tour off the ground that year, but we agreed to strike a deal at Wimbledon. For a lousy 2 1/2%, I got into promoting.

Sedgman was the easiest deal I ever made. I had seen how he had stuck with

Riggs even when he knew the man had conned him. This kid kept his word, a very solid guy. We met in London and our extended negotiations went exactly like this:

Kramer: "How much do you want?"

Sedgman: "Seventy-five thousand dollars."

Kramer: "You got it."

The Sedgman tour was the closest one I ever played. I beat him 54-41, but, as condescending as this sounds, I don't think he was as good as the score indicates. Because I think if Sedg were really a great player, he would have ripped me apart. My arthritis was troubling me. I was past my prime and I had learned to drink a little whiskey. Also, I was coming off a two-year layoff, and I found myself more interested in the promoting than the playing.

Nevertheless, a couple of years later, just after that Hoad-Rosewall deal fell through, I started cranking myself up to play Trabert. I was 34 by then, but I skipped rope for 10 three-minute rounds, worked my way up to 100 sit-ups. I still believed I could beat anyone if I were fit. I believed that I had to try hard to win, but I also thought I could take anybody if I were in shape and if I concentrated.

To be honest with myself, however, I had to admit one thing about the Sedgman tour. I had lost my ability to regularly make the second good shot. Sure, you're going to make some spectacular outright winners, but you take most points with one good shot to set things up and another good shot to finish it. Against Sedg I suddenly found that I couldn't consistently close him off with a second shot. I had lost that little edge. That's when a guy in his 30s starts going down.

But I still thought I had enough for Trabert. And then one day, a couple of months before the tour was to start, I was working out when I got a call from Gonzales' wife Henrietta. She started telling me how wrong it was that Trabert should be playing me. Pancho was younger, she said, and probably the best player in the world, and he had no way to prove it. She broke down and started to cry, and it suddenly occurred to me that everything she said was absolutely true.

So that was when I signed Gorgo for 20% and seven years. He made \$56,000 that year playing Trabert. I never missed

continued

playing, not at all. Because of a bad hip I can't even play socially now, although after I pulled out of the Trabert tour I still filled in here and there the next few years. A few times I even played on the tour for long stretches. But I wasn't paying any training price, and in my own mind, I wasn't the best any longer. Even as a pro, there were times when I lost that it hurt so I cried. But after I gave up the Trabert tour I never again lost a match that hurt me. The instant I hung up after talking with Henrietta Gonzales I was through as a player.

Gonzales had beaten Sedgman, Segura and Budge on a round-robin tour to establish himself as champion, and then he whipped Trabert easily, and the next year he beat Rosewall when Ken turned pro. Pancho could beat all the kids, except on dirt, right into the 1960s. Of course, Hoad might have taken Gorgo if he hadn't come up with a bad back.

I signed Hoad in 1957 when he changed his mind and had a friend call me just after the Rosewall-Gonzales tour had opened. I think, in retrospect, that Hoad was just starting to get that back trouble and he figured he'd better come after a payday quickly.

I did things differently with Hoad than with everybody else I ever signed. Here was a kid who had pulled out on me once, had turned me down the next year—and now he was changing his mind again. So I gave Hoad a check for \$5,000, and to be sure that he cashed it—which would give me proof that a contract had been made—I sent Ted Schroeder, who worked with me at the time, to the bank with Hoad. I assured Hoad a \$100,000 guarantee against 20% (plus \$5,000 if he won Wimbledon), and he agreed to join the pros after Wimbledon.

Also, I wrote in a performance bonus. Hoad's percentage was to go up 5% every time he won a match. You see, I didn't think it ever hurt Hoad to lose. He just didn't seem to care enough. I wanted him to want to win.

Of all the players I've seen, the best two were Vines and Budge. I'd put Perry, Riggs, Gonzales and Laver in the second echelon, and then Hoad, Rosewall, Sedgman, Segura and Schroeder. Borg and Connors are still too young to evaluate. But of them all, the three who could do the most were Vines, Hoad and Laver. On their best days, nothing was impossible; the sky was the limit.

Vines and Hoad were very strong guys,

and both succeeded at a very young age. Vines won Forest Hills when he was 19, and Hoad beat Trabert and Selgas in the Davis Cup Challenge Round when he was 19. Both were also very lazy guys. Vines lost interest in tennis quickly—he switched to golf—and Hoad never did seem very interested. And both had physical problems. I can remember going on court to practice with Vines when he was still in his 20s and he had to hang on to some iron poles and twist to stretch his right shoulder into shape before he could start. Hoad was heavy in the thighs and got groin pulls regularly, and his back did him in completely.

Hoad had tremendous potential, but was easily the most inconsistent of all the top players. The reason he is held in such high regard is that he won back-to-back Wimbledon, and he was so popular with everyone that people came to believe he was better than he really was.

I didn't throw Hoad to Gorgo right away. When he turned pro after Wimbledon '57, I used him in a couple of round robins in the States, and then I made myself into a sparring partner and, with Rosewall and Segura, we took off on an around-the-world tour to get Hoad into shape for Gonzales. If Hoad could beat Gonzales, this was my chance to get rid of that tiger. Gonzales knew what I was doing, too, and he was furious.

We played a brutal death march, going to Europe, then across Africa, through India and Southeast Asia, all the way to Manila. I was impressed by how strong Hoad was. He was personally as gentle as a lamb, but on that trip his body could tolerate almost anything. Once, he went from Nairobi to Karachi to Lahore—more than 2,700 miles, 48 hours, two long plane trips, four tennis matches—and he never had anything to eat. Just some beer and tea on the planes and the Cokes they brought him on court. It didn't seem to bother him at all.

Unfortunately, he was just as casual about tennis. Hoad had the loosest game of any good kid I ever saw. I'd marvel at the shots he could think of. He was the only player I ever saw who could stand six feet behind the baseline and snap the ball back hard, cross-court. He'd try for winners off everything, off great serves, off tricky short balls, off low volleys. He hit hard overspin drives, and

there was no way you could get him to temporize on important points. Segura went crazy trying to get him to lob a little more.

But was he something when he cared. On that tour, Rosewall beat me something like 22 matches to four. I was 37 years old, and Rosewall and Hoad were approaching the height of their powers; 22-4 was about right. But I beat Hoad 13 matches to 12, because he didn't give a damn when he played the old man. Same thing with Segura; Hoad lost to Segoo. But against Rosewall, he cared—and he beat him about two-thirds of their matches.

Well, we had Hoad ready for Gonzales when we opened their tour early in '58 in Australia. They sold out in all the big cities. We played best of five, and it invariably went five sets. Then we flew to the States and started in on the West Coast. They kept playing close matches and Gonzales was playing beautifully. He was playing beautifully—and he was getting beat. They flew into L.A. one day and I went out to touch base with them at the airport, and when Gorgo got off the plane you could see he was a beaten man. It was in his eyes.

You see, kid, it's like I said: when you go head to head night after night, somebody takes command. Even if the scores are close, the pattern is set. Hoad could serve with Gonzales, and he was just as quick, and much stronger. And he had a tougher overhead and he had better ground strokes. And they both knew it. I had a new champion.

A couple of weeks later, they arrived in Palm Springs to play at the Tennis Club. The place was jam-packed with people who had come to see the new champion. By now, Hoad was up 18-9. He was starting to pour it on. It was late February 1958, a cold desert night.

Hoad never really loosened up, and Gorgo beat him. The next morning, Hoad woke up with a stiff back. He went to Phoenix and played there and lost again. The same thing in Albuquerque, then El Paso. Gorgo started to get his confidence back. Hoad needed three or four days of rest to get the stiffness out, and we were playing every night. In about three weeks Gonzales had caught up with him, and then he ran away. From 9-18, he won the tour 51-36.

That was the last tour to make any real money. Hoad made \$148,000, 1958 dollars; Pancho made over \$100,000. We

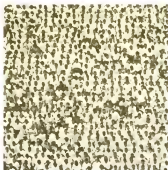
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Extensive scientific investigation in such widely-separated areas as Stonehenge, Pompeii and King Tut's final resting place has failed to uncover a stitch of evidence concerning the existence of football half-time shows. Further, if any of the Roman Colosseum customers had to hustle out between the semi-final and main events (Christians-vs.-Lions) they could always amble back assured they hadn't missed anything. Nero was nifty on the fiddle but not much on musical formations and floral floats.

So the half-time show, presently bonded to our psyches tighter than one of those just-a-single-dot-of-this-glue demonstrations on TV, is a development of the 20th Century. Further, its refinement has been speeded in the past dozen years by the pressure of the bigger-and-better

demands of the Super Bowl, the country's No. 1 single-day sports extravaganza.

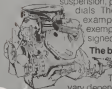
We've had football for nearly 110 years now, but the half-time show doesn't go back much past the first decade of the current century. There is evidence that the University of Michigan band tootled between the halves while Hurry-Up-Yost's point-a-minute teams took time out from running up and down the spines of the opposition. Later, Notre Dame's band was around when the Irish startled the country with the forward-passing combination of Gus Dorais to Knute Rockne. (The combination didn't startle; it was the new-fangled idea of *throwing* the football, then a cumbersome calories-crammed version of today's streamlined projectile, that startled.)



The new Toyota Celica is here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.



A beautiful car and a fine machine. The GT Liftback aerodynamics have contributed to increased interior room (4" at shoulders), stability, acceleration and efficiency. The handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and steel belted radials. The Celica's cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. And comfort is exemplified by the reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support.



The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.



THE 1980's CELICA

YOU GOT IT.



TOYOTA

The Rose Bowl started placing some sort of attraction on the field during pre-World War I intermissions. And in the Ivy League, grandfathers of today's marching music-makers froze in their blazers and straw hats in the November blasts that whistled through Harvard Stadium. Forever married to the image of Harvard football in millions of minds, ranging from Newburyport clammers to heads of state, is the picture of some kid with an IQ of 190 swinging away at an eight-foot high carriage-mounted drum while "Wintergreen For President" crescendoed to end the between-halves shenanigans.

The Super Bowl has had no such continuity. Deliberately. Each of the eleven games have had different motifs, different planning, different

receptions. They've ranged from a smoke-shrouded re-creation of the Battle of New Orleans (Super Bowl IV) which almost reversed the decision (the Americans won the first time but it was pretty tough to prove it by the play-acting of the spurious British 155 years later), down to 100,000 people doing a number for Walt Disney by moving colored cards around (Super Bowl XI).

The National Football League is less secretive than most pro sports organizations but plays it pretty close to the vest on what's going to happen at half-time at their big party. This year's will be indoors for the first time—in New Orleans' Superdome. Just short of a half-hour duration, the show will be hitting 80,000,000





Give your guests our best.

When you have guests over, you want to bring out your best. Like 12-year old Scotch and Sun Giant Almonds. They're always crisp and crunchy and delicious. When you serve Sun Giant Almonds, you give your guests the best by serving our best.

viewers at varying times across the country, some time around 7:30 in the East backing across to 4:30 on the West Coast. What'll it be, special subliminal effects? A fake indoor storm? Stay tuned on Jan. 15.

Super Bowl I, which was also played on a January 15th, was unusual on several counts. No one was checked for concealed weapons, no joke since six and one-half months earlier the National and American Leagues literally had been trying to bleed each other into the ground in a death-struggle which had endured for six years. Now they were uneasy partners.

Secondly, the Los Angeles Coliseum, with its 90,000 plus capacity, was a good one-third empty. The morning of the game, newspaper ads and radio blurbs proclaimed, "Plenty of good

seats available for today's game." *THAT* will never happen again.

Also it wasn't called the Super Bowl. Rather it was the AFL-NFL World Championship Game.

The unwieldy handle endured through Super Bowls II and III, but prior to No. IV the moguls merged their million-dollar intellects in an effort to come up with something less cumbersome.

Help arrived from an unexpected source. The youthful Texas billionaire, Lamar Hunt, whose Kansas City Chiefs were to provide a late-afternoon snack for the Green Bay Packers in that first confrontation, was one of those who had pitched in on the search for the new name. His pre-kindergartener was bouncing a ball while daddy was trying to think. Hunt picked it



LAMAR HUNT-8

We just raised the standard of the industry.



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The new Koss PRO/4 Triple A.

We did it again. We took the incredible sound and precision craftsmanship of the Koss PRO 4AA that has long made it the standard of the industry and made it even better. Because the PRO/4 Triple A's extra large voice coil and oversized Triple A diaphragm reproduce a dynamic, full bandwidth Sound of Koss that brings back the live performance like nothing you've ever heard before. The crowd hushes expectantly... until suddenly... the night explodes with the glittering splendor of the all-engulfing performance. You're drawn to the full

blown fundamentals and harmonics of each instrument. To the spine-tingling clarity of the lead singer's magical voice. To the rhythmic kick of the drum.

You see it and hear it all again, yet you're relaxed at home in your own private realm of listening pleasure. The PRO/4 Triple A's extra light construction and unique Pneumalite® suspension dual headband make wearing them as much of a pleasure as listening to them. And all the while... the Triple A's special, human-engineered direct-contoured

Pneumalite® earcushions create a gentle yet perfect seal for flat, low bass response to below audibility.

It's a whole new experience in stereophonic listening. A new performance standard for those who set their standards high. Write c/o Virginia Lamm for our free full-color stereophonic catalog. Or better yet, take your favorite records or tapes to your Audio Dealer and listen to them like you've never heard them before.

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up, read "Super Ball" on it, and stopped looking. End of million-dollar search.

Hunt's American League (he was a founding father) got off on a forlorn search for championship honors. The Chiefs were impressed by the Packers' reputation, always fatal in pro football, and much of their thinking in the first half was centered on "what are we doing on the same field with this bunch?" It was a reasonable 14-10 at the half but in the last two periods the Packers bore down. A Willie Wood interception on a Len Dawson pass shattered the Chiefs, who ultimately expired, 35-10.

Several notable quotes emerged from this game. One was from the leader of the Grambling College band which performed at half-time. The group, 300 strong, seemed at times to

be merely skimming the grass, tubas and all. He said, "Most bands move at 130-145 steps to a minute. Our range is up to 200. Most bands use six steps to go five yards. We take eight short ones. The strain is so great we don't dare allow girls in our band."

Green Bay's warlock, the late Vince Lombardi, put diplomacy aside and said, post-action, "They are a good football team with fine speed, but I'd have to say NFL football is better. Dallas is a better team and so are several others. That's what you wanted me to say, wasn't it?"

Lombardi was to underscore his sentiments the following year with a victory over Oakland, but he died in 1970 and thus didn't see the American League, or rather its successor, the American Conference, win five of the last six



LAMAR HUNT-1



GRAMBLING BAND-1



VINCE LOMBARDI-1



Waiting just over the horizon is a dream vacation of top entertainment, delicious dining, excellent hotel and motel accommodations, all at a moderate cost. Las Vegas is a 24 hour town of sophisticated indoor fun and offers 12 full months of outdoor recreation ranging from frosty ski slopes at 12,000 foot Mt. Charleston to sunny shores on sparkling Lake Mead. Tennis, golf, fishing, water skiing,



horseback riding and swimming complete the sports picture in Southern Nevada. After a day of outdoor recreation, Las Vegas visitors can plan an evening of lavish revelry unequalled anywhere. Dinner is an



excursion to the great dining capitals of every continent as chefs prepare food with Old-World patience and dedication to the art. The service, of course, is as warm as your demitasse. Following dinner, the galaxy of entertainment is as bright and varied as the stars in the towering Nevada sky. Downtown Las Vegas, the most photographed

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and the popularity of the game has added one more dimension to our claim as "Entertainment Capital of the World." The excitement is year-round — day-in and day-out — and our tennis facilities are unmatched. Ten of Las Vegas' major hotels have spacious indoor and outdoor complexes. Night lighting is a must in this 24-hour city, and all indoor courts are air-conditioned. Ask any golfer about his idea of paradise, and he'll start talking about luscious green fairways, challenging courses, perpetual sunshine and warm weather.

Ask a golfer where you might find this paradise, and chances are he'll say LAS VEGAS! With 85% sunshine and our mild desert climate,



there is no such thing as an off season in Las Vegas. And with 14 championship golf courses, you can play a different course every day. Add a final touch of beautifully designed courses and competition-tough holes, and you have a heavenly game of golf. Plan your Las Vegas adventure today;



you'll return home relaxed and satiated with a suitcase of pleasant memories. See Las Vegas, the entertainment capital of the world... your travel agent can get you in the act.



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LAS VEGAS



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7¢ SALE!

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[B] Buy this adjustable hack saw to cut at 4 different angles, fits blades 10" to 12", for 477 and get the 2-pk. of extra blades for just 7¢. Both only, **4.84**



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MECHANIC® Claw Hammer**
Hefty 16-oz. nail hammer has 1-pc. solid steel head and handle for durability. Full-polished head, leather-covered handle for comfort grip. **880 6.97**



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MECHANIC® Big 50 ft. Tape**
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**Master
MECHANIC® Steel Tool Chest**
Roomy top storage plus lower drawer for small parts and tools, locks when lid closes. 1-pc. hinge, electric-weld construction. 8 1/2" x 20" x 9 1/2" deep. **1100 14.97**



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4-pc. set includes 3 straight-tip and 1 Phillips-tip screwdrivers with chrome vanadium blades and cushion grip handles. Handy vinyl storage pouch. **1542 5.77**

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- [C]** 10" Homestead® saw turns out 5000 rpm, cuts 3/4" at 90°, 2 1/2" at 45°. Has stand and extensions, rip fence, mitre gauge, table insert, guides, wrenches, combination and dado blades. 2 1/2 hp. **34-405 219.97**
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Grinding Wheel
All-purpose aluminum oxide wheel has telescoping bushings that fit all popular bench grinders. Medium grit, 6 1/2" x 1 1/2". **4038 3.77**



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Multi-Plier® 6-position adjustable jaw opens up to 1 1/2" wide, locks in place to secure grip. Yellow vinyl-coated handles. 30". **8106V 3.77**



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Compact Moto-Shop, 15 1/2 hp saw has power take-off for 6 attachments. Sets up 8 x 18". **111 44.77**

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Steel cabinets with see-thru drawers for small items of all kinds. 25-drawer uniform model or 15-drawer combination. Your choice. **777**



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Master MECHANIC 11-pc. Socket Sets
Choose standard or metric set, all American-made nickel-chrome plated steel. Each includes nine 1/4" drive sockets, spinner-adaptor and fitted tool box. **6.77**



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6-pc. combination wrenches both open and box ends. Choose standard set, sizes 1/4" to 1". Or metric set, sizes 8mm to 19mm. Your Choice, each set **9.97**

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Instant heat, fully adjustable, handles dozens of jobs in the home and shop. Fuel cylinder and burner assembly, 3 tips and sparklighter come in steel carrying case. **17.95**



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Powerful motor for tough jobs. Removes bulky debris from shop, attic, garage, fireplace, barbecue. Lightweight, easy to use with 4-wheel dolly. **27.77**



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Chrome finish resists rust, reduces friction, stays sharp. Precision set and filed. Choose master combination or plywood/paneling blade, 7" or 7 1/4". Each **2.77**



Master MECHANIC Accessory Sets
Carbide-tipped masonry drills, 1/2" shanks 4-pc. set: 1/4", 3/8", 1/2" and 3/4" sizes **8.97**
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VALUES



Q-FULLER Plier Values
Choose 6 1/2" long-nose pliers, 6" diagonal-cut pliers or 7" linesman pliers. All polished steel with vinyl grips. Your Choice, ea. **2.77**



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Get 25-ft. power-return tape with Mylar®-coated 1/2" steel blade, reg. 2.77, plus a 6-ft. pocket tape, only **7.84** 1/2¢ more! Both only.



SABRE Saw Chain
Professional quality replacement chain cuts smooth and fast, easy to sharpen. In all sizes 14" fits Homelite Super 2 **9.97**

HOMELITE Super 2
14" Power Tip® chain saw boosts power, reduces friction. Quick-starting 19 cu. in. engine Twin Trigger® dual controls. Set: **159.97**

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SKIL Power to Do Job for You

- [J] 1/4" cordless drill works anywhere, recharges overnight. 2-speed forward-reverse action drives and removes screws. 2062 **29.97**
- [K] Compact 1/2 hp router does decorative wood cuts easily. 27,000 rpm. 818 **29.97** Accessory kit (not shown). 71024 **14.77**
- [L] Router table has cutting gauge and guide bars. 71026 **12.97**

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Super Bowls. He was enshrined posthumously in 1971 in the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton.

Three other members of that 1966 Packer entourage are also cast in bronze—Bart Starr, quarterback, Jim Taylor, fullback and Forrest Gregg, tackle. On the Kansas City side only Lamar Hunt, owner, has made it to date.

The scene for Super Bowl II the next year was Miami and the rival was Oakland, just beginning to respond to the whip of dynasty in the hands of its Machiavellian managing general partner, Al Davis. Again the Packers proved superior, although this time their kicking game proved a strong factor. Don Chandler kicked four field goals, three before the half ended, 16-7.

At the half, in addition to the massed bands, real rocket men sailing off into space, etc., 75,000 Orange Bowl witnesses watched a couple of fifty-foot high papier mache figures of embattled football players literally breathing smoke while threatening each other. One wore red, for the American League; the other blue for the National, the now accepted colors. Fresh from the Milky Way was an array of astronauts as honored guests. They watched the Packers put the finishing touches to a 33-14 triumph in the final two periods. Herh Adderley grabbed a handful of headlines. He intercepted one of Daryle Lamonica's passes and scampered 60 yards for a final Green Bay touchdown.

It was Lomhardi's last association with a championship team. Shortly thereafter he



VINCE LOMBARDI-I



BART STARR-I



JIM TAYLOR-I



FORREST GREGG-I



SUPER BOWL-II



D. LAMONICA-II



BART STARR-II



MIKE GARRETT-I

Defrosting to browning, Tap 'N Touch does it all. All automatically.

This Microwave Oven wasn't on the drawing board 97 years ago. In fact, it was only 22 years ago that Tappan introduced the first-ever Microwave Oven for the home. But the Tap 'N Touch does represent the best of our experience. We judge it the same way we judge Tappan electric and gas ranges—on how well it cooks. So all the features in this Tap 'N Touch are there to let you cook more foods—and cook them better.

The built-in browner makes any food look and taste appetizing.

We think a built-in browning element is a very important feature. Without it, some foods cook so fast that they look pale and unappetizing. But Tap 'N Touch



browns any food—crisp and delicious. It's the ideal finishing touch for chicken, steaks, casseroles and similar dishes.

The most versatile Microwave Oven—Five automatic memory levels.

No other Microwave does as much as the Tap 'N Touch. First, you can program it to defrost, then cook at any of

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10 power levels—roast, bake, stew, simmer, etc. Then set it to change power levels. And finally, brown. Tap 'N Touch does it all automatically.

Touch. And go. It gets you out of the kitchen.

You can even program Tap 'N Touch in the

morning to have your meal ready at night.

Other features you'll enjoy are digital readout clock, automatic timer, push-latch door handle with two interlock safety latches. See

this solid-state Microwave Oven and other quality Tappan appliances at your dealer. He'll show you the result of our 97 years' experience. The Tap 'N Touch.

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turned over the coaching portfolio to an undistinguished assistant, Phil Bengtson, with Lombardi retaining his general manager's role. Lombardi eventually moved on to Washington where his one year of coaching produced a barely break-even record.

Super Bowl III went back to Miami with its admittedly superior weather and housing facilities, the only time the game has been played in the same city in successive years. This time it was Baltimore against the New York Jets.

The Jets were in there, not so much because they won the League championship, but rather because the Raiders had lost it. One of the young Raider backs forgot that a missed lateral pass, unlike a grounded forward pass, is not a dead

ball. It happened in the 4th quarter, just about the time the Raiders' brass was wondering whether it could get fancier accommodations this time in Miami.

The Jets, with their charismatic quarterback, Joe Namath, were promptly installed a three-touchdown underdog to the Colts and Baltimore went downhill from that moment. The Jets watched their rivals' game films, spotted a couple of things, and hoped it wouldn't leak out until their victory party.

Namath's tongue got a little loose at an award dinner a few nights before the game. Glass in hand, he not only predicted a Jets victory (routine), but guaranteed it (very non-routine). No one had done it before. No one has tried it since.



VINCE LOMBARDI



JOHNNY UNITAS-III



JOE NAMATH-III



MATT SNELL-III

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With gas or electric, a microwave oven is a perfect fit.

This Tappan over/under combination gives you the best of both worlds. A conventional range and a microwave oven, together. So you have the ideal cooking method for any food in one space-saving, step-saving unit.

The microwave on top is full size and complete. It can roast, bake, stew, simmer and defrost.

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And both gas and electric are even-cooking, quality ranges. The kind you expect from Tappan. With many features you can get only from Tappan. See them at your Tappan dealer. You'll see that nothing can top this combination.



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Some of the Jets who helped keep Namath honest included Matt Snell, who carried 30 times for a record 121 yards; George Sauer Jr., who caught eight of Namath's 17 completions for a total of 133 yards, and the tart-tongued Jim Turner, who kicked three field goals.

The Orange Bowl people, trying to make it a steady thing each January, outdid themselves and produced a massive "Horn of Plenty" which opened behind the goal post to permit an unusual entry for the massed bands, corollary entertainers, flowered floats, and the two teams as they came onto the field.

Apart from the upset aspects, the Jets 16-7 victory was truly a milestone in pro football. It changed the face of the game, literally.

The dominant NFL had pretty much dictated

the terms of the 1966 armistice. It had planned to maintain the sixteen-ten ratio of teams when the merger became official in 1970. This would bring the older clubs a vastly better TV contract.

But at the meetings held to set this up—two months after the Jets victory—the AFL teams balked.

"I didn't pay my million to join anything like this," snapped Paul Brown, the Cincinnati boss. "I thought I was joining the NFL. If I didn't, I'd like my money back." Paul Brown had once been offered the Commissionership of the NFL. A lot of people listened.

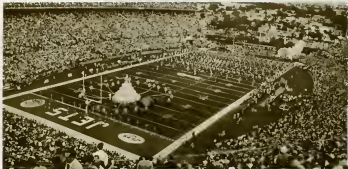
The NFL brass had already announced the 16-10 split. The next day there was a switch to a "further study" stance. Three months later



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MATT SNELL—III



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As soon as your feet sweat, the sweat sock gets wet. And stays wet.

So before you know it you're playing in two feet of water.

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Which means your feet stay dry. Whether you're playing on the court or in the field.



Interwoven®

When it says Interwoven,
it means quality.



three NFL clubs (Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Baltimore) had been cajoled into "going over" to the other side, evening it up 13-13.

The fourth game moved to New Orleans, where Kansas City was stuck into the underdog category, two touchdowns worth. The Chiefs backs, men like Mike Garrett and Robert Holmes, were below average in height. The Vikings were above-average, and seemed terribly tough. Determination burned behind the wintry look of their leader, Bud Grant, while Hank Stram, the Kansas City coach, seemed terribly concerned with what color vest he'd wear on the sideline.

At half-time Len Dawson, the losing quarterback to Green Bay in the first Super Bowl, had

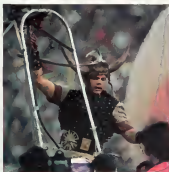
led his team to a 16-0 edge, and it was never in doubt from there. The Chiefs became rougher as the game progressed. They drove Joe Kapp, the Viking quarterback, from the game with a smashed shoulder in the last couple of minutes.

If the game was never in doubt there were several instances where the bookies would have been entitled to cancel all bets. As a pre-game offering there were a couple of balloonists in rival get-ups, Viking head-dress for Minnesota, Indian feathers for the Chiefs. The idea was to fill the balloons in the center of the field and have them soar majestically from Tulane Stadium, probably to land in some local bayou.

What hadn't been put into the computers were the 40-mile an hour gusts which swept the field, following an early tornado warning. The



LEN DAWSON-IV



VIKING BALLOONIST-IV



LEN DAWSON-IV



JOE KAPP-IV





Durable Clark skidders pull the big timber out.



Melroe Bobcat loaders make fast work of earthmoving.



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Clark gets it done.

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CLARK

Testing a Clark powershift transmission before delivery to a heavy-duty vehicle builder.



Viking got his flamer operating to generate the required hot air into the big bag, and when half-filled, a gust wrenched it from its flimsy mooring.

The balloon went sailing across the field, with the balloonist, helmet-horns and all, hanging on desperately. The flamer was still pumping fire like some giant plumber's torch, moving the balloon toward a crowded area of the grandstand, over in a corner of the goal-line. It was all in the lap of Fate now.

The only thing that prevented a tragedy was a cyclone fence that the errant balloon smashed against while the transfixed customers covered on the other side. It collapsed in a heap and lay there as an ominous omen of what was in store for the Vikings.

Meanwhile, at midfield, the balloonist dressed as a Chief proved a heap smart brave. He turned off his burner and got out of the place as fast as his moccasined feet would move.

At half-time the customers' ears were assaulted by cannon fire. They were staging a recreation of the Battle of New Orleans, and the British Redcoats seemed determined to prove the original outcome had all been a mistake. They were obviously disappointed when the officials and players started back to work, picking their way through the spurious dead and dying amid desultory musket fire.

An extravagant Southern ante-bellum float, petticoated girls and all, never made it. It had started through an entrance to the field but the



VIKING BALLOON-IV





Why two sheets of plastic film only 5 thousandths of an inch thick stopped a charging bull.

It took place in Nîmes, France, one of the world's oldest bullrings. We stretched two sheets of our plastic film between a matador and an eight-hundred pound fighting bull.

The bull charged full tilt into the transparent film barrier. And, although each sheet was only five thousandths of an inch thick, the bull was stopped in midcharge.

Each of these amazing sheets is actually made of two different plastics—nylon and Surlyn®—extruded simultaneously in three layers: nylon-Surlyn®-Surlyn®. Each resin imparts a different characteristic to the film. The special technology required to extrude these different plastics all at the same time—and have them adhere—was pioneered by St. Regis.

Why did we develop such a sophisticated film? Certainly not for an ordinary problem.

No, this film was built to wrap subprimal cuts of meat—cuts larger than a steak and smaller than a side of beef. Subprimals are the latest marketing method in the meat industry: go to subprimal cuts in a centralized plant, ship them out to individual supermarkets and let them break them down from there. The idea is to help reduce the cost of distribution. And cut down on waste due to spoilage. Since any oxygen reaching the meat during shipment will contribute to spoilage, these valuable subprimal cuts have to be vacuum-packed in a packaging material that's not only extremely tough, but also has high oxygen barrier properties.

But this is just one of the markets St. Regis serves with plastic film.

For instance, we're one of the world's largest makers of plastic bread bags and plastic packaging for the snack food industry.

And all this reflects the marketing stance of St. Regis toward all our packaging, paper, lumber and construction products. To use the full weight of our technology in serving our markets and in renewing the forest resource our products come from.

St. Regis—serving Man and Nature.





Planned maintenance by trained mechanics keeps Clark lift trucks on the job.



All-wheel drive helps Clark graders plow through muck.



A Clark crane helps build a supertanker.



Clark tractor shovels dig in for the Coal Rush.



Nobody in business ever wrote a better story.

The Pullman dividend record book is more than 110 years old, and improving with age.

Since 1867, with seasonal regularity, boom or bust, bull market or bear, the money has gone

out to our stockholders. This record represents the longest unbroken string of quarterly cash dividends ever declared in the history of the industrial corporation.

The total amount actually disbursed as of 12/31/77: \$773,454,186.79.

While our business has changed over the years, the authors of this dividend story have always managed to find rewarding areas in which to work. Today, these involve major aspects of human need and basic industrial growth all over the world—including food, steel, energy, coal, transportation and environment.

So even though we must be vague about future installments, you probably have a pretty clear idea of the plot.



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heavy truck bogged down in the mud. Undaunted, the girls and the banjo pickers waved and performed for the small segment of the crowd to which they were visible.

Super Bowl V moved back to the Orange Bowl where it had a thrilling finish. Baltimore beat Dallas, 16-13, on a 32-yard field goal by Jim O'Brien in the last five seconds. O'Brien's heroics glossed over the game's loose play. There were eleven fumbles and interceptions, along with fourteen penalties.

The Cowboys had a 13-6 edge at half-time when the bands, local high school groups and the Southeast Missouri State marching unit, moved out to put on a pageant honoring the NFL franchise cities. The field was a giant map

and Anita Bryant sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic to the massed music lovers. Air Force fighters buzzed the stadium in fly-over maneuvers.

In the second half, interceptions set up Baltimore's two scores. Rick Volk picked off a Craig Morton pass. Tom Nowatzke scored and the point after tied up the game. Mike Curtis, the Baltimore middle linebacker, then came through with the interception which set up O'Brien's big kick.

The National Conference brought what proved a temporary halt to American Conference dominance the following year at New Orleans revisited. Miami was on the brink of the most impressive dynasty of the 70's under Don Shula, but they were a year short. The Dolphins were



ANITA BRYANT-V



SUPER BOWL-V HALFTIME



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young and largely untested in the fire of post-season play.

Roger Staubach, the Dallas quarterback who took over from Craig Morton in mid-season, beat Miami with a couple of TD passes. One went to ten year veteran Lance Alworth, the other to Mike Ditka, a receiver with almost a dozen years of NFL experience.

New Orleans is proud of its music and there was a lot of it at the game. Pre-game, the Air Force chorale did the Star Spangled banner while 20,000 balloons were released. At half-time a musical tribute was paid Louis Armstrong. Famed "Satchmo" had died that year. Ella Fitzgerald and Carol Channing sang. Al Hirt did his trumpet bit, qualifying on three counts; part owner of the Saints, local boy, and

not too bad a man with the horn.

Miami took hold after this setback and won the next two Super Bowls, permitting a grand total of two rival TDs. The scene shifted to Los Angeles for Super Bowl VII. This time the NFL didn't have to hawk any last minute seats. Every Coliseum seat was sold, even though 8,000 fans failed to show on a beautiful afternoon. More than 81,000, then a record, watched the Dolphins beat Washington, 14-7.

The Redskins, who had found a lot of answers during the season with one surprising showing after another by what was called its Over-the-Hill Gang, had no answer to Miami's running game. Big Larry Csonka came close to Matt Snell's Super Bowl rushing record with 112 yards on 15 carries. His roomie, Jim Klick,



CAROL CHANNING-VI



AL HIRT-VI



ELLA FITZGERALD-VI



SUPER BOWL-VI HALFTIME



JIM KLICK-VI



BOB GRIESE-VI



SUPER BOWL-VI



SUPER BOWL-VI



MIKE DITKA-VI



DUANE THOMAS-VI



SUPER BOWL-VI



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LARRY CSONKA-VII



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scored one TD, and Howard Twilley caught a pass from Bob Griese for the other.

Mike Bass, a Redskins defensive back, intercepted a pass thrown by a bewildered Garo Yepremian (Miami's kicker) for the Redskins' only TD with 2:07 left. It wasn't much of a pass but what can you expect from a kicker, a soccer-style kicker at that?

Yepremian was attempting a 42-yard field goal. His hurried kick was low and when the ball was blocked, Yepremian grabbed it and tried to get rid of it with a pass. The ball slipped from his hand and Bass caught it in mid-air and went half the field.

On the plane back to Miami the next day Shula quietly took Yepremian aside and advised, "If you ever do that again I'll kill you. Or

worse, I won't buy any more ties from you."

On and off the field there were all kinds of Hollywood personalities but the half-time attraction was the Michigan band. The Wolverine music-makers made it to the West Coast even though their football brethren had been shunted to a back seat by Ohio State, as the Big Ten representative in the Rose Bowl game played earlier in the month in Pasadena.

The game went to Texas for Super Bowl VIII, the first and only time it has been played in the Lone Star State. One of the considerations for awarding a game to a given area is size of stadium. To put it into Rice Stadium in Houston the League had to take a cut of almost 20,000 customers, from ninety thousand to seventy-one.



BILL KILMER-VII



LARRY BROWN-VII



GRIESE TO MORRIS-VII



C. HARRAWAY-VII



SUPER BOWL-VII HALFTIME



MERCURY MORRIS-VII



SUPER BOWL-VII



SUPER BOWL-VIII

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The NFL kept the Texas tone with the University of Texas band. Miami kept the American Conference on top again with an easy victory over Minnesota. Larry Csonka had the biggest game of his life with a total of 145 yards on 33 carries. He doubled the entire Viking rushing effort. Minnesota appeared on the scoreboard in the fourth period, making the final score 24-7. A new hand, that of Fran Tarkenton's, was at the helm but the result was the same as four Bowls earlier. And it wasn't going to get any better for the Vikings.

New Orleans was selected as the site of Super Bowl IX with the much-heralded Superdome as the first indoor site. The concrete hadn't been tested fast enough, however, and the game

wound up in Tulane Stadium for a third and last time. A new dynasty had risen in the American Conference on the ashes of forty years of futility, Art Rooney's Pittsburgh Steelers. A new ticket price, \$20, was to push the total receipts past five million for the first time.

Minnesota was back, and mad. The best Pittsburgh could do in the first half was a safety when Dwight White nailed Tarkenton in the end zone. The half-time offered a tribute to music-man Duke Ellington, who had gone to join his friend, Louis Armstrong. The famed Ellington orchestra played Duke's favorite tunes. The Morgan State band did the marching.

In the second half Franco Harris, Pittsburgh's 230 pound fullback, began marching over the Vikings. He carried 34 times and ran up 158



FRAN TARKENTON-VIII



SUPER BOWL-VIII



LARRY CSOKA-VIII



SUPER BOWL-IX

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yards, a Super Bowl record. Harris scored a third-period TD and Larry Brown caught a Terry Bradshaw pass for the other TD in the fourth period, giving Pittsburgh 16 points. The six points accruing to the Vikings came when Terry Brown, a safety, recovered a blocked punt in the end zone in the fourth quarter.

Minnesota faded the following year in the face of Dallas's challenge. Pittsburgh remained the American Conference's top team and the Cowboys-Steelers clash in Miami's Orange Bowl is generally regarded to be the best of the Super Bowls. Lynn Swann emerged the Steeler hero, catching four passes for a total of 161 yards.

Dallas led 10-7 at the half and while the Steelers plotted a method of overcoming the

Cowboy lead, the Up With People group, almost 400 youngsters from all over the country, entertained with a pleasing mixture of Hayride-Bicentennial music.

When play resumed the Steelers nibbled away at the Dallas lead with a safety, followed by a couple of Roy Gerela field goals, but the 15-10 lead didn't seem too comfortable. The Bradshaw-Swann pass for the decisive TD came with little more than 4:00 left on the clock. Swann got a step on Cowboy cornerback, Mark Washington, and gathered in the 59 yard pass for the final five-yard sprint. The Steeler quarterback was flattened, rendered comatose, and never did see Swann make the catch and was advised of the final score (21-17) back in the dressing room.



FRANCO HARRIS-IX



TERRY BRADSHAW-IX



ROCKY BLEIER-IX



SUPER BOWL-X HALFTIME



TERRY BRADSHAW-X



ROY GERELA-X



LYNN SWANN-X

Actor
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It was inevitable that Super Bowl XI gravitate ultimately toward the largest stadium in the climate-control belt, the Rose Bowl. Long the setting of the oldest of the college classics, it represented a minimum of \$250,000 in extra gate receipts. The American Conference had a California representative again, Oakland, which had grown a little restive since its appearance in Super Bowl II. The opposition was Minnesota again, determined their fourth try wasn't going to go down the drain as had the previous three. The half-time show was a Walt Disney production with a cast of more than 100,000.

Disney's minions handed multi-colored and multi-faced cards to everyone coming through

the gates. Cards weren't new to events at the Rose Bowl but they were an innovation for the Super Bowl. Instructions were simple: ignore whatever reason you had for leaving your seat at half-time and follow the directions of the stadium announcer and the Disney pom-pom girls stationed at the foot of each section.

At half-time Oakland had a 16-0 edge and it was pretty clear how the game was going. Not good for Minnesota. How the half-time show was going to come off was anyone's guess. To ask for co-operation from 100,000 fans at half-time (a period when you get up and move around backed bumper to bumper, to give the pickpockets a chance) was no small request.

But co-operate the customers, did, and the



SUPER BOWL—XI HALFTIME





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color designs they completed were a series of awesome panoplies, both in the stands and as viewed on TV. Color TV, that is. Those watching on black and white saw a lot of precision movement by the fans in the stands. "What's going on?" they wondered.

The Vikings were asking the same thing. Clarence Davis, a good-but-not-great Oakland runner, was en route to joining the elite all time rushers of the Super Bowl, with 137 yards. The Viking game got nowhere and Turkenton's previous accomplishments—TD record, passing yardage record, etc.—over the years meant nothing. He was under constant pressure which he couldn't withstand, as his offensive line caved. He threw 35 passes, completed 17, one for a touchdown and wasn't around at the 32-14 fin-

ish. The TV night time re-hash all over the country heard commentators, who couldn't carry his kidney pads, calling for Turkenton to hang 'em up for good.

With Oakland's emergence as a Super Bowl winner, a cycle begun a decade earlier seemed completed. A considerable portion of the football populace had always been convinced the Raiders were the best around—their record certainly bore it out—but they couldn't win the big ones. Now, they had won the big one, and it's up to them to stay on top. As their mentor, Al Davis, has mumbled repeatedly, it's always easier to get up there than to stay there.

And in a paralleling manner, there is much the same sort of pressure for the Super Bowl to keep its half-time shows up there. The



CLARENCE DAVIS—XI



CLARENCE DAVIS—XI



ERROL MANN—XI



SUPER BOWL—XI HALFTIME



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thousands in the stands, the millions in front of TV sets sit there—in the minds of the planners—with expressions ranging from frowns to sardonic grins, challenging, "Okay, amuse us."

The arts sometime mirror their times, again setting a trail-breaking pace. The choice probably has to lie between these two attitudes. The pressure on the people who think up, stage, and sweep up after the half-time shows can be just as cruel as that on some producer playing with \$20 million worth of borrowed money; moving his chips on the idea of some big white shark with as much savvy, and a lot more savagery than the men sent after him.

If there should be a rush for the comfort stations and the concessions just about the time the

half-time show is peaking, if those little green men who peek into people's windows and make notes on what they're watching come back and say the old refrigerator was a bigger lure, well then the Super Bowl show will have failed. It won't matter the talent on hand was in such profusion you could have scooped it up with one of those earth-movers.

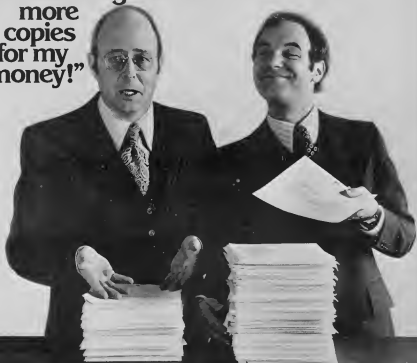
The plans for this year's show have long been worked out with almost as much attention to details as a rocketship blast-off. Super Bowl XII's half-time show is locked on course as surely as some star-ship off for an extra-long weekend in the constellation Orion.

And now, what do you do for an encore to 100,000 patrons waving cards?

By Harold Rosenthal



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tried Hoad-Gonzales again, but it was no contest. We tried everything: tournaments, round robins, a six-man tour (we brought in Anderson and Cooper that year). We tried a rule where the players couldn't volley until the ball had crossed the net three times. Nothing worked. We had all the best players, but the public didn't want to see them.

In a way, we were successful, in that we had more top players than ever before. Around 1959-60 I had seven players making more than \$50,000—and how many baseball and football players were making that then? But there was no acceptance for our players. The conservative and powerful amateur officials were secure. Among other things, they had succeeded in making me the issue. If you were for pro tennis, you were in favor of handing over all of tennis to Jack Kramer. That was the argument.

It was always just a handful of us, hanging onto the wreckage. Segura was with me the longest. He was always second banana, but he gave it everything, and he made a good living. He must have cleared \$50,000 or more seven or eight years running in the '50s—even if he never was the glamour boy with the big payday. If Segoo had any resentments, he let them show only twice. Both times he had a couple of drinks in him, too.

The first occasion, I remember, was in Johannesburg. I had refused to play South Africa until they guaranteed Segoo, who is dark-skinned, the same treatment as the rest of us. Maybe that's why I remember it was Jo'burg where he got mad at me. He said, "Your system is unfair, Jack. You never believed we should get away from the star system."

"You're wrong, Segoo," I said. "We tried everything, but the fans only wanted the stars." We argued some more, but to no conclusion.

Then, at the end, in 1962, when I volunteered to leave the sport, to give up my power, to free pro tennis of Jack Kramer so that nobody could use me as a red herring any longer, Segura came at me again one night. "You're running out on us, Jack," he said.

"No," I said—but wearily, this time, the fight having gone out of me. "I tried everything and nothing ever worked. I've got to leave, or we'll never see an open game." It took another six years, but then they opened it up and all the good things happened to tennis that we'd always figured would happen.

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Von Moore's eight-point binge gave the Jayhawks the lift they had to have to hoist the trophy

This little poem, hastily composed by Missouri Coach Norm Stewart on the eve of last week's annual Big Eight holiday tournament, pretty well sums up how six of the coaches in the conference must have felt, deep down, as they brought their teams into Kansas City's Kemper Arena for a four-day civil war that seemed destined to boil down to Ted Owens' Kansas team vs. Jack Hartman's Kansas State squad in the finals.

To be fair, Nebraska, off to its best start in history (10-0), also had a chance to win. So did Oklahoma, which was fresh from a pair of victories over Penn and South Carolina. But, just as the rest of the Big Eight feared, in Friday night's championship game it was KU against KSU, and 17,005 screaming fans—10,000 more than the hometown NBA Kings usually draw and the tournament's third SRO crowd—turned out to see the powerful Jayhawks beat the pesky Wildcats 67-62.

True, the game did not decide much. Counting the Big Eight's round-robin league schedule and a postseason tournament instituted last year, this was only the first of three or, possibly, four games that Kansas and Kansas State will play against each other this season. Nonetheless, most of the folks in Kansas City—except the losing coaches—clearly felt that there was no better way to escape the post-Christmas blahs and get ready for the football bowl games than by watching the Jayhawks and Wildcats thrash it out. After all, nowhere else in the country was there a holiday tournament that featured a matchup—intrastate or otherwise—as good as this one.

Both teams came into the game with 9-2 records, and in their 32nd Big Eight tournament they were separated by only one victory—Kansas State at 67-28 and Kansas at 66-29. The Wildcats, whose starting lineup averages only 6' 4" and whose bench is composed of You & Me & Bobby McGee, led 38-26 at halftime but were ultimately done in by a lack of rebounding, poor foul shooting (eight of 19) and a resurgent Donnie Von Moore. Kansas' 6' 9" second-string forward is just beginning to get his game back together following a severe case of pneumonia two years ago that required chest

surgery to save his life. It was Von Moore who sparked the Jayhawks' comeback with eight quick points in the second half, and his game-high total of 20 earned him the tournament's Most Outstanding Performer award.

The victory gave Kansas local bragging rights, if only until Jan. 21, when the teams meet for game No. 2 in Lawrence. More important, it eased the pressure on Owens, who was in danger of losing to Kansas State for the fourth straight time. Kansas beat the Wildcats in last year's holiday tournament, only to lose to them the next three times. As a result, State walked off with the 1977 Big Eight championship and the conference postseason tournament title.

This did not exactly overwhelm Kansas' spoiled alumni, who rarely mention Owens and his .682 winning percentage in the same breath with Phog Allen. Having lost the conference championship two seasons in a row, Owens was given a message last spring that, in essence, said: put some speed into your lineup and get rid of your assistant coaches or you'll be out of work. So Duncan Reid, who had arrived at Kansas four years ago with one of his high school players and subsequent Jayhawk star, Norm Cook, resigned, and Owens also had no choice but to ask his close friend Sam Miranda to step down to make room for a Wichita high school coach, Lafayette Noewood, who just happened to bring along his prize pupil, 6' 2" Guard Darnell Valentine.

Supposedly all wrapped up by North Carolina, Valentine so overjoyed the Jayhawks with his unexpected presence that Clint Johnson, a senior, willingly surrendered his No. 14 jersey (Feb. 14 is Valentine's Day) to the newcomer. Valentine leads Big Eight teams in steals and makes breakneck assaults on the basket that have transformed the usually stolid Jayhawks into the running, pressing team Owens has been promising Kansas fans ever since Jo Jo White left Lawrence in 1969.

Lake top-ranked Kentucky, which escaped with a 73-66 victory over Kansas in December, the Jayhawks, whose other loss was a 78-72 defeat by No. 3-rated Arkansas, come at an opponent in waves. Owens used 13 players in the first half of Kansas' '96-99 opening-round slaughter of Missouri, which equaled the Tigers' worst defeat ever. Oklahoma

A sub was the rub

K-State led the Big Eight final until Jayhawk Von Moore left the bench

In this Christmas season of faurres and elves,

We always need something to puzzle ourselves.

We have been told it is Sumta, but we read it as St. Nick.

Now, is there one or two or is this just another NCAA trick?

Let's look in the bag to get a hint To solve the mystery of this kindly old gent

The tall portly one is old Teddy.

And the short craggy one is Jack

One head is stuffed.

The other is cracked

seemed on the way to an upset in the semifinals before Von Moore and Johnson helped erase a 13-point halftime deficit and Valentine came up with a steal and a three-point play that enabled Kansas to survive 79-76.

K-State figured to be even tougher, especially because the Wildcats' flamboyant 6' 5" sophomore Curtis Redding had scored 27, 37 and 27 points in the three wins over Kansas last year. State had reached the finals by cruising past Colorado 82-72, as Redding pumped in 30, and by stopping Nebraska's string 69-60, as Redding put in 26. Asked how he expected to cover Redding, who came to Kansas State from Brooklyn's Canisius High with Canisius Coach Mark Reiner as part of another package deal, Owens replied, "With a blanket."

And Redding was kept under cover by Von Moore and 6' 10" Ken Koenigs. It was this same twosome that got hot and rescued the Jayhawks from another poor first half. Von Moore hit three quick bank shots and a dunk that cut the Kansas State margin to 48-44. Then Koenigs' fourth basket of the second half, a jumper from the foul line, gave Kansas its first lead of the game by a 53-52 score. The Jayhawks sank their last six free throws to seal the victory.

It was not a work of art. Kansas committed 27 turnovers to 14 for State and was held well below its 91.8 scoring average. But because of Kansas' 52-34 margin in rebounding and the fact that Valentine and Von Moore did not seem to be breathing hard at the end, the Jayhawks' five-point victory somehow appeared more convincing than last year's 81-64 holiday win.

"I've always said that playing Kansas three times in one year was too much, and that four times was ridiculous," says Hartman. "And it's particularly true this year when they're so big and deep and when we have such a small margin for error against them. Only time will tell, but we couldn't be beaten then tonight if we had kept them asleep."

Redding, despite his 8-for-21 shooting, was typically unrestrained in his optimism. "Tell the nation that the 'Cats will be back," he said, while grumbling about how his 72 points and 26 rebounds far exceeded Von Moore's totals. "Tell them that we will definitely get 'em the next time."

Or maybe the next. Or the next.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST And now we have the Lavin and Lucius Show. Lavin Mercer and Lucius Foster, Georgia's 6' 10" Twin Towers of Power, helped the Bulldogs gain two stunning overtime victories and take the Holiday Classic in Louisville. Georgia came to the tournament with the worst record (3-3) in the field and its wins came against lowly Troy State, St. Leo and Louisiana Tech. First-round opponent Ohio State could be excused for not being terrified. But once the game began, the youthful Buckeyes were terrorized by Guard Walker Daniels, who scored 23 points, and by Lavin and Lucius, who had 49 points, 29 rebounds and eight blocks between them. That was enough for an 84-80 Georgia win.

Then the Bulldogs took on heavily favored Louisville, which had won its opener against La Salle 113-85 as Darrell Griffith had 29 points and slammed in a 360-degree dunk. Georgia beat the Cardinals 71-70 with the same tactics it used against Ohio State. Daniels befuddled Louisville with his ball handling and scored 25 points, and Lavin and Lucius combined for 21 points and 20 rebounds. The Twin Towers also saw to it that Louisville's inside men had only 14 of 45 shots.

WINFORD'S COMING HOME was the slogan for the oldest—42 years—of all holiday tournaments, the All-College in Oklahoma City. Billboards, newspaper ads and TV and radio spots blared the welcome for San Francisco's Winford Boynes, thrice Oklahoma prep player of the year while at local Capitol Hill High. At the outset it did not seem like it would be much of a homecoming for Boynes, who started in the backcourt for the first time this season and had only 12 points as the Dons won their opening game against Austin Peay 75-67. When reporters sought out Boynes afterward, he would only say, "No comment." And when friends tried to visit him in the dressing room, Boynes sought solitude. He found plenty of it in an office adjoining the locker room. Explained Boynes, "The door locked behind me. I was in there about 45 minutes before a janitor let me out."

Free at last and back at his familiar forward spot against Miami of Ohio the next night, Boynes hit on 14 of 21 shots and scored 30 points in a 91-88 triumph. Arizona State beat Oral Roberts 82-66 and Boston College 105-96 to join USF in the final.

The Sun Devils, who earlier in the month had upended the Dons 89-79, led 37-36, when Boynes went on a binge, getting 16 points in 4:30 to give San Francisco a 55-51 halftime edge. After Arizona State pushed

ahead 79-74 with 8:16 to go, Boynes put on another dazzling display by pumping in 13 straight points in three minutes as the Dons won 102-90. Boynes finished with 40. Bill Cartwright added 20 points in each of the three games. Lamont Reid of Oral Roberts led all scorers with 86 points. Boston College took third place by defeating Miami of Ohio 81-76.

Indiana State won its eighth consecutive game by bouncing Ball State 82-50 behind Larry Bird's 24 points and 13 rebounds.

Pat Cummings and Bob Miller split 40 points for Cincinnati, but it took a beat-the-buzzer 25-foot shot by Steve Collier for the Bearcats to defeat Florida State 77-75.

Arkansas won twice, 67-62 at LSU and 95-70 at Memphis State.

1. ARKANSAS (10-0)

2. INDIANA STATE (8-0) 3. CINCINNATI (7-1)

EAST SEVERAL STARS CAPABLE OF WINNING HOLIDAY FESTIVAL MVP said one headline on a Madison Square Garden pretournament release. Another read: UNFOREGOING HOLY CROSS THE FAVORITE. Georgetown's John Duren, who was not lined among the many MVP possibilities, won that honor by leading the unheralded Hoyas to the festival title. Duren, a sophomore guard, sank 17 of 23 shots and had 44 points, 13 assists and 11 rebounds as Georgetown drubbed Holy Cross 79-65 and Alabama 83-73. He got plenty of support from Guard Derrick Jackson, who scored 42 points; 6' 11" Tom Scates, who grabbed 10 rebounds and clogged up the middle; and sophomore Forward Craig Shelton, who played with foam padding on a right wrist broken in November and had 22 points and 12 rebounds. Holy Cross, which could not cope with Georgetown's speed, barely held off Princeton 61-59 for third place. Ronnie Perry of the Crusaders, who had a 26-point average, missed 16 of 27 floor shots and had only 34 points in the tournament. Princeton, which also lost to Alabama 68-65, has dropped six games by a total of 14 points.

At the Kiwanis Classic in Norfolk, Va., Michigan State's Earvin Johnson strengthened his claim to being called the season's best freshman. After the Spartans beat SMU 95-69, Johnson put on a virtuoso performance against New Hampshire to become MVP in his second straight tournament. He sank 10 of 12 field-goal tries and had 20 points, 10 assists and seven rebounds in the Spartans' 102-65 win.

At Duke there were rumors that another freshman whiz, Forward Eugene Banks, was so upset by his shoddy play that he would quit the team. After missing seven of 10 shots and committing five turnovers during a 74-65 win over Duquesne, Banks said, "I'm still having fun, but it's not worth it when you're hurting the team. When I get here, I was playing

continued

maybe 20 minutes or half an hour before each game. Now time moves so fast there's no chance to get off by myself. You've got to have that strong force within you. You can't live without God." After talking with Coach Bill Foster late into the night, Banks came back the next evening against St. Joseph's with 23 points and 13 rebounds in a 74-61 victory. "This morning I got away and talked to God," Banks said. "I couldn't leave now."

Duquesne and St. Joe's also lost to North Carolina State. Charles (Harvey) Whitney's 26 points helped the Wolfpack defeat the Dukes 105-80, and Clyde (the Glide) Austin had 17 points, five assists and four steals during a 70-61 win over the Hawks.

Forward Lawrence Boston's 19-for-26 shooting and 41 points helped Maryland win its own invitational and earned him the MVP award. The Terps beat Western Kentucky 91-78 and, with Boston battling away a final Georgia Tech shot, defeated the Yellow Jackets 65-63. George Johnson's 26 points carried St. John's to an 80-63 consolation win over Western Kentucky.

Unbeaten Massachusetts breezed through the UConn Classic, sweeping past Manhattan 88-74 and Niagara 84-73.

Detroit was an 89-54 winner at Marshall, where John Long scored 29 points. Terry Tyler added 19, grabbed 10 rebounds and blocked three shots to bring his season total to 58.

1.SYRACUSE (10-1)

2.N. CAROLINA (10-1) 3.MARYLAND (9-1)

WEST "I'm fool enough to think if I'm playing the Boston Celtics I can win," said Colorado State Coach Jim Williams. The Rams showed that Williams may be no fool as they pulled off three startling victories with their patient offense, harassing defense and late rallies to take the Far West Classic in Portland, Ore. In the first game Colorado State trounced Oregon 29-20 at halftime, but came out to win 61-50 as Alan Cunningham converted all 12 of his free throws and scored 16 points. The Rams then hounded Washington State into 20 turnovers, fought back from a 24-14 deficit and won 47-46.

That set up a title showdown against Oregon State, which had trimmed Rice 75-58 and handed Villanova its first loss, 58-57, on a rebound basket by Steve Smith with one second remaining at overtime. Once again Colorado State fell behind, trailing 36-27 with 12:21 left, and once again the Rams came out on top, this time 49-44 in overtime.

North Carolina did not have to come from behind during the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu, the Tar Heels were ahead almost every minute of their was over Brigham Young (94-81), Texas Tech (88-76) and Stanford (92-61). Phil Ford of North Carolina scored 69 points. The only surprise came when Stanford dealt Providence its first loss, 76-61. Paul

Oristaglio of the Friars, benched during the loss for breaking curfew the night before, sank a jumper in the closing moments to beat Texas Tech 53-52 for third place.

For the sixth year in a row, host Nevada-Las Vegas took its Holiday Classic, routing Gonzaga 91-68 and then frittering away most of a 25-point lead before defeating Cal-Santa Barbara 94-85. MVP Reggie Theus tossed in a total of 45 points for the Rebels. Gonzaga Forward Paul Cathey set two tournament rebounding records, pulling down 28 missed shots against UNLV and 18 during a 64-48 loss to Seattle.

New Mexico, which led the nation with a 111.1 scoring average, was urged on by a two-night total of 36,673 fans at its Lobo Invitational. Those rosters got what they wanted on opening night—a 104-81 romp over Vermont. They also saw Syracuse pick apart Mississippi State 76-66. But Lobo backers were dismayed as the Orange got 20 points from Marty Byrnes for the second game in a row and outran New Mexico in the finale 96-91.

Kim Goetz hit on 20 of 28 field-goal tries and had 53 points as San Diego State won its Cabrillo Classic. After scoring 23 points during a 104-74 defeat of Fordham, Goetz got 30 as the Arties beat Purdue 91-84.

Instead of being sidelined for several weeks as had been expected, UCLA Guard Raymond Townsend was back in action seven days after suffering a broken jaw. Wearing plastic braces, a mouthpiece and protective wiring, Townsend played just 22 minutes against Arizona. Obviously below par, he scored only eight points. But Roy Hamilton had 20 points and 12 assists as the Bruins were impressive 85-63 winners.

Utah Center Buster Matheny, who "was waiting to redeem myself" for having scored but 12 points in a 10-point loss at Weber State, did exactly that. Facing the Wildcats in Salt Lake City, Matheny sunk 15 of 24 shots and had 34 points as the Utes won 98-88. Jeff Judkins added 21 points, and freshman Guard Scott Martin had 15 assists. In an 80-73 win over Idaho State, Matheny connected on 13 of 21 field-goal attempts, scored 29 points and pulled down 14 rebounds.

1.UCLA (9-1)

2.NEVADA-LV (13-0) 3.SAN FRANCISCO (9-3)

MIDEAST Yes, Virginia, there is a basket! and it is possible to fit a basketball through it. For the first nine minutes of the Sugar Bowl tournament, it seemed the Cavaliers did not know that elementary fact as they trailed Temple 11-0 in a battle of unbeaten. Virginia finally shook off the effects of a 22-day layoff and overcame the Owls 66-55. Southern California took its opening-round encounter from Auburn 85-74. In the championship game the young Trojans, down 51-44 at halftime, spurred an front 70-69 with seven minutes

left. But the Cavaliers, with sophomore Forward Mike Owens scoring 10 of his 25 points in the last five minutes, won 85-82.

Indiana Coach Bob Knight, who refuses to meet the press after a game, distributed mimeographed handouts to newsmen following a 73-60 win over Florida for the Gator Bowl title. His communiqué read: "One of the absolute keys was our getting ahead 8-0.... I was disappointed in our reaction to Florida's challenge." Indiana beat Jacksonville 69-59 in the first round.

Another disaffected winner was Marquette's Hank Raymonds, whose Warriors won the Milwaukee Classic. After a 90-73 first-round wipe-out of Eastern Kentucky, Raymonds said, "That's no way to play basketball, heater-skeeter, all over the place." Jerome Whitehead of the Warriors matched his 21-point opening-game output in the finale against Texas as Marquette triumphed 65-56. "Both teams were just going through the motions," Raymonds complained.

Dick Vitale does not believe retired coaches should be seen and not heard. Since all health forced him to step down as Detroit coach two days before the season's start, Vitale has remained on the scene in the dual role of athletic director and unofficial head cheerleader. With the Titans trailing Harvard 40-26 at halftime of the opener in the Motor

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WINFORD BOYNE: San Francisco's junior wingman was MVP at the All-College tournament, scoring 82 points in three games, including 40 during a 102-90 victory over Arizona State in the championship game.

City tournament, Vitale even went to the locker room to give his former team a pep talk. Thus inspired, the Titans stormed back with a 51-point second half to beat the Crimson 77-69. Then it was Detroit Coach Dave Gaines' turn to speak up. Before the title game against Eastern Michigan, Gaines told center Terry Tyler he was not being aggressive enough. Tyler responded with 20 points, 23 rebounds and 12 blocked shots to earn the MVP award as Detroit won 109-71.

A tournament was held in Evansville in memory of the school's basketball squad, which was annihilated in an air crash three weeks ago. Southern Illinois filled in as the host and came out on top by beating New Orleans 65-64 in a double-overtime final.

The Tangerine Bowl was won by William & Mary, which edged Seton Hall 61-60 and then rolled past Rollins 79-66.

Minnesota triumphed in the Pillsbury Classic, knocking off Air Force 66-50 and Florida State 88-74.

1.KENTUCKY (6-0)

2.NOTRE DAME (7-2) 3.MARQUETTE (7-1)

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Philly gladly takes The Count

Bob Dailey, a 6' 6" defenseman, brings a new dimension to the Flyers' offense

Defenseman Bob (The Count) Dailey laughs and constantly croons "short people got no reason to live" to Philadelphia Flyers goaltender Wayne Stephenson. The object of Dailey's serenade is a reasonably normal 5' 9". From The Count's viewpoint, that makes Stephenson only an inch taller than a hockey stick Dailey used back in his junior days. "Dailey is a freak," Flyers Defense Coach Pat Quinn says. "Anyone that big who can do what he can in this game is a freak who might come along once in 20 years."

Standing a fraction under 6' 6" and

weighing between 223 and 230 pounds, The Count is not only the National Hockey League's biggest player, but also has emerged, at 24, as one of its offensive stars. In Philadelphia's first 34 games—he missed two last week because of a bruised shoulder—he tied the club record for goals by a defenseman (14) and it seemed probable he would become the only defenseman other than Bobby Orr and Dennis Potvin to reach the 30-goal plateau.

With the possible exception of the omnipresent Bobby Clarke, Dailey is on the ice more than any Flyer—killing penalties, playing forward, protecting a late lead, keying the power play and, at all times, lending the force of his body-scattering shot. Given this new dimension from the beginning of a season for the first time, Philadelphia is off to the best start in its history, which over the previous four seasons included two Stanley Cups and four first-place finishes in the Patrick Division.

That brings up an important question: How could the defense-poor Vancouver Canucks have traded Dailey last January for two journeymen defensemen? "The team was losing, management was impatient and I was the guy who stuck out," says the Count. "Attitude is a problem out there, from the top on down. The travel is really tough on the players. I admit I didn't play well at times, and management

sometimes it takes longer for tall people to put everything together. I'm sure it's true for any big gangly kid in any sport. When you're tall it just takes longer for your whole body to get its coordination."

There also was something of a personality conflict between Dailey and former Vancouver general manager and coach Phil Maloney. "He and some of the fans wanted me to goon it up," says Dailey. "It's just not in my personality."

Maloney and the rest of the Canuck brass thought a 6' 6", 230-pound hockey player should behave more like Killer Kowalski than a restaurateur, so they began making sarcastic references about Severin's, a

restaurant-disco complex Dailey opened in Vancouver. But while The Count was born and raised the son of a penitentiary guard in the small Thousand Islands community of Gananoque, Ontario, there is no question that sophisticated Toronto, where he went at 17 to join the Marlboros, a junior team, left an indelible mark on him. Dailey dresses like a model for Gentlemen's Quarterly, hits every possible rock concert, kills spare hours on the road by browsing in bookstores and knows more chefs than Craig Claiborne. Old-school players get asked out to dinner the night before a game and order steak and potatoes. The Count? Phensant and wild rice.

So while the Canucks had grown impatient after waiting 3½ years for Dailey to lift them from the depths of the sweatshop Smythe Division, the Flyers were prowling for defensemen. "When I came here in 1971, we had six traditional stand-up defensemen who never dared get involved in the offense," says Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero. "The year before, not even one had 27 points. Heck, defensemen have to be as much a part of the offense as forwards are of the defense. If anything, the man on the point is more effective in the offensive zone because the play's in front of him, only a lot of traditionalists won't admit it. When we had a chance to get the giant, we jumped."

Dailey was traded for Larry Goodenough and Jack McHargue, which was on the order of the deal that sent George Foster from the San Francisco Giants to Cincinnati for Frank Duffy and Vern Geisbert. In Vancouver, Dailey had been known as "Moose." The Flyers already had a top-flight defenseman named Moose—Andre Dupont—and when Dailey walked into the dressing room for the first time, overcoat draped over his shoulders like a cape, Dupont shrieked, "It's Count Dracula!" The nickname stuck.

The Count was no overnight sensation in Philadelphia. "I brought a lot of bad habits with me," Dailey says. "My shot had gone so wild in Vancouver they took me off the power play. I was trying to do everything myself and in Philadelphia that often left me stranded." In 32 games with the Flyers, he had five goals and 14 assists, little improvement over his 20 points in 44 games in Vancouver.

Then came the playoffs. "Everything just seemed to come together," he says. With the Flyers trailing 2-0 in what turned out to be a grueling six-game



Quickness and a powerful shot have helped Dailey score 14 goals

struggle with Toronto. The Count took over. He tied a team playoff series record with 10 points and in the two series (a total of 10 games) the Flyers were eliminated by Boston 4-0. I tied Rick MacLeish for the team lead in the playoffs with 13 points. "The playoffs are where you find out what guys are," says Brian Coach Don Cherry. "We found out last April what a lot of us suspected all along—that Bob Dailey is another Larry Robinson."

When training camp opened, Dailey dropped from 232 pounds—his playoff weight—to 224 and found himself paired with Jimmy Watson, who, while less spectacular than Robinson and Dailey, is one of the game's best all-round defensemen. "They're the best defensive pair in the NHL this season," says Quinn, risking the wrath of the people who watch Robinson and Serge Savard in Montreal. "Jimmy's taken to carrying the puck more—and better—than he ever has before. And The Count may not only have the hardest shot in hockey, but only

Pocan can approach his offensive instinct. He sees offensive opportunities and breaks into the holes with uncanny quickness. It's instinctive genius. Only you'd never think a man 6' 6" could have the quickness to get there."

Quinn also says, "This is a habit game, and The Count still has some bad ones. He still gambles a bit too much, which is where Watson helps him so much because Jimmy's never out of position. But Dailey's only 24 and hasn't been here a full season, so the bad habits should take care of themselves in time."

Both Quinn and Shero have indicated that they would like Dailey to be a bit meaner in front of his own net. "People always wanted me to fight," Dailey says. "What good does it do for me to fight some little guy? When I think it necessary, I'll fight." His last fight came in the playoffs against Boston's tough Wayne Cashman. "At the time, I thought it was necessary," says The Count. "He was running some guys."

Life has its special hardships for a 6' 6"

hockey player. For one, hotels don't provide special large beds for hockey teams the way they do for basketball and football teams. Then there's the matter of the stick. In juniors, Dailey once used one 68 inches long. (In 1965, in an effort to restrict the reach advantage of players like Dailey and Pittsburgh's 6' 5" Peter Mahovlich, the NHL limited stick length to 55 inches.) Dailey skates around, hands close together on the stick, looking like a giant Quasimodo. "My back'll give before my legs," he says.

So far everything has held together for the man who once was an awkward 6' 4", 235-pound 17-year-old. "I skated so badly in juniors I was the comedy relief on the Marlboros," The Count says. "I wasn't any star, and I played with guys like Steve Shutt and Billy Harris, who were—so while some more heralded juniors held on to the puck trying to be the next Orr, I was learning to play with in the context of a team. Those short people looked up and laughed at me back then. Now they just look up." **END**



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John Papanek

Something even more extraordinary than prolonged sunshine has been gracing Seattle lately. It could be some mystical force emanating from Slick Watts' headband. Perhaps it is a trio of wise men who have rediscovered their youth. Or plain old divine intervention on behalf of a couple of Bible-toting rebounders. Or the figure from the past who has returned to lead the team out of the wilderness. Whatever it is, it began taking effect on Nov. 30. That was the day the Seattle SuperSonics stopped losing and started winning. Religiously.

At that point they were 5-17, another candidate for Worst Team in History status. But on that Wednesday, the meek inherited the team. That is, smiling, benevolent Lenny Wilkens replaced howling, glowering Bob Hopkins as coach. And let anyone try to convince Wilkens he is not a genius. Under his leadership the Sonics are 12-3, including 5-2 on the road. "You always expect a little surge after a coaching change," says the modest Wilkens with a twinkle, "but this is too many wins to be a little surge."

So it seems. Indeed, the entire NBA is flummoxed by the Sonics. A strange array they were before the winning started—four holdovers and seven oddly assorted newcomers thrown together in Bill Russell's bomb crater. In his four years as coach, Russell twice took the Sonics to the playoffs, but last season the team finished in fourth place in the Pacific Division with a 40-42 record, and Captain Telephone was all but forced to walk the plank.

In fact, Russell moved to his nearby Mercer Island mansion and became a local political columnist and television mogul. In Russell's stead came Hopkins, his cousin and assistant coach. To seven-year Guard Fred Brown, Hoppy would be just another coach. "How many have I played for?" asked Brown. "How many coaches has Seattle had?"

That Hopkins had been named to succeed cousin Bill as Brown's fifth coach on Friday the 13th (of May) could have been an omen, though it must also be pointed out that on the very same day owner Sam Schulman took out an insurance policy by hiring Wilkens as di-



Seattle was deep in last place with a 5-17 record when unassuming Lenny Wilkens (above) assumed command. The team proceeded to win 12 of 15 for its new coach

Add super to the Sonics

rector of player personnel. When he played for the Sonics for four seasons beginning in 1968 and simultaneously coached them from 1969 until 1972, Wilkens was Seattle's MPH (Most Popular Human), a title that would later pass to Spencer Haywood, then to Russell and finally to its holder for the last three years, the impish Watts.

At the time Wilkens was hired it was suggested that Schulman brought him in specifically to set up Hopkins for an early fall and that after Hopkins had a fair chance to prove his ineptitude, Wilkens would move in as coach. This idea enraged the normally placid Wilkens. "How can anyone say that?" he stormed at the time. "My place is in the front office. I just want to help get Hop a team."

Hopkins needed a lot of help. In the off-season the Sonics had sent Tommy Burleson and Bobby Wilkerson to Denver for a couple of tired oldtimers—Paul Silas and Willie Wise (since cut)—plus 7' 1" Marvin Webster, still unproven after two seasons and still appearing ema-

ciated from his celebrated rookie year case of hepatitis that prompted the Nuggets to try to void his contract, or worse, trade him to the Baltimore Claws. Even now, Fred Brown refuses to call Webster by his college nickname "The Human Eraser." He insists on "Starvin' Marvin."

Seattle's grab in the college draft was 6' 11", flaxen-haired Jack Sikma, of whom you may not have heard even though he was a two-time NAIA All-America at Illinois Wesleyan. At the very least, by joining Webster, a devout Baptist, Sikma, a strong member of the Reform Church in tiny St. Anne, Ill., vaulted the Sonics to the NBA lead in fundamentalism.

Teaming with Silas (34) and Brown (29, looks 40) on the Geritol squad was another craggy veteran, Forward John Johnson (30, looks 45), who had come from Houston to Boston in the preseason, then back to Houston when Red Auerbach did not like his contract. Houston had no use for him, so Seattle picked him up for a song and two second-round

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draft picks. Nor did Portland have much use for second-year Forward Wally Walker a bit later on. Always room for one more at Seattle Salvage, though Walker cost a first-round pick.

Another arrival was 6' 2" Gus Williams, 24 years old, a free agent from Golden State, who joined an already crowded backcourt that included Brown, Watts and second-year man Dennis Johnson. Williams had enjoyed a sensational rookie year with the Warriors but in his second season he fell out of favor with Coach Al Attles. Seattle grabbed him for a mere \$240,000 in compensation—an absolute steal.

With this motley crew, Hopkins shoved off into shark-infested waters. He said he wanted his offense to revolve around the big men, primarily Webster and Forward Bruce Seals, of whom Hopkins once said, "He reminds me of Rick Barry, only he can pass better." This strategy did not sit well with Brown and Watts, last season's leading scorers.

"If Hoppy had his way, there wouldn't be no guards," said Watts. "He wants to make mules run like Secretariat. He thinks Marvin is Bill Walton."

The Sonics lost seven of their first eight games. Hopkins grew panicky and took to publicly criticizing his players. Confidence waned and losses piled up.

"Hoppy was always howling," says Webster. "Everyone was confused, pointing fingers," says Seals. "We were a calamity of misfits," says Brown.

An unlikely goat was Watts, who was irked by Hopkins' insistence that he stop trying to score. Even his once adoring fans booed him. "People say, 'Slick, what's wrong with y'all?'" said Watts. "I say, 'Ask Hoppy. I'm only 6' 1". I'm just a passenger.'"

A fan, quoted in *The Seattle Times*, said, "They are playing on public property. They should be investigated for consumer fraud." An ad appeared in the *Post-Intelligencer* that read: 25 PAIR SONIC TICKETS, VALUE \$148, WILL SELL FOR \$125.

Schulman was concerned enough to fly to Seattle from his Palm Springs condominium. A 99-96 home-court loss to the Nets, of all teams, on Nov. 27 iced it. Two nights later, after yet another loss, this one at Denver, the 17th in 22 games, Wilkens went to Kansas City to take over the Sonics.

"The team was badly in need of confidence," says Wilkens. "Mentally they continued

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But I suppose the most dramatic part about watching a game on the big VideoBeam screen is the ferocity of the tackle which you experience pretty much life-size in front of you.

"Nobody saw it like I did except the guy who got creamed..."

For instance I remember one tackle vividly from last season. It was a rookie corner back playing his first pro game. Everybody had said he's not going to be any good. But I saw in great

detail how he handled this first tackle and exactly how he made his move. And I said to myself, "This guy is good. This rookie was knocked a few

times, but as the year went on he gained superstar status. And I saw all that in his very first tackle. Nobody else did, except the guy who got creamed, because you just can't experience the ferocity of a tackle like that on a tiny TV tube.

"I'm watching the Masters, and I can read the name on the ball..."

I'm also a golfing fan, and the clarity of the picture on my VideoBeam set and the size of the screen is such that when I'm watching the Masters for example I can read the name on the ball that the players are playing. I'm not watching television. I'm there. In fact I'm better than being there, because I become part of the action. It's an experience you can't really describe.

There was another time I remember we were watching a Colts game when suddenly...

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Anything to be Number One.

You teach them the rules and start to play. And for a while there, you're the best. Except a funny thing happens.

As soon as they learn the rules, they try to beat you. Because that's the way it is in sports.

Starting Sunday, January 22, NBC's SportsWorld will devote a segment of each program to looking at the ways people have found to be Number One. Like Jousting. Or Belly Flopping. Or Tug-of-War. Or *Wieg Er Eens Uit*, which is what a group of flying Dutchmen do.

Each week, you'll meet people like yourself, trying to do the best they can. People who understand that there's only one number worth shooting for.

Number One.

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were whipped. They were in a bottomless pit. I told them they *did* have talent. That I had confidence in them." That night, the Sonics beat the Kings 86-84. It was their second road win in 12 tries.

With a day off in Boston, Wilkens set about to change the offense, or more correctly, to install one. He moved Webster from the high to the low post, where he would do more offensive rebounding and less passing. He installed John Johnson at small forward, and Sikma at big forward. Williams would henceforth run the offense, and 6'4" Dennis Johnson, a quick defender mostly ignored by Hopkins, would play the other guard position. Watts, Silas, Walker, Seals and Brown would come off the bench. Sikma would move to center to spell Webster.

The following night Seattle beat Boston by 22, and then won nine of the next 10 games, four of which were on the road. Williams scored 29, 26 and 33 points in consecutive wins over Buffalo, Atlanta and Milwaukee and in his last 17 games has averaged 20 points and five assists. Sikma grabbed 17 rebounds and scored 24 points against the Bucks. At Detroit, Silas pulled down 14 rebounds while Williams (37 points) and Brown (20) scored 36 of Seattle's last 40 points.

For a time last week, things looked a little shaky again. The Sonics lost at home on Christmas night to Los Angeles and on Tuesday played their worst game of the year, a walkabout in Phoenix which the Suns won 131-105 without Center Alvan Adams.

But on Friday night the magic was back for a capacity crowd of 14,098 in the Seattle Center Coliseum. The Sonics got 24 points from Dennis Johnson, 18 from Walker, 14 each from Brown and Williams, 18 points and 18 rebounds from Webster and beat Phoenix 121-110.

The sun even appeared on Friday and it was a happy day for everyone but Slick Watts. After having missed the previous four games with a bruised thigh—bruised ego—he played just six minutes against the Suns and no one seemed to miss him.

Wilkens has made it clear that Watts is expendable, and Slick has made it clear he wants to go. In the Coliseum concession stands, Slick Watts T-shirts were marked down from \$5 to \$3.50, and sales were none too brisk.

"I told him," said Wilkens. "Slick, winning makes everyone a star." Not the least the coach.

END



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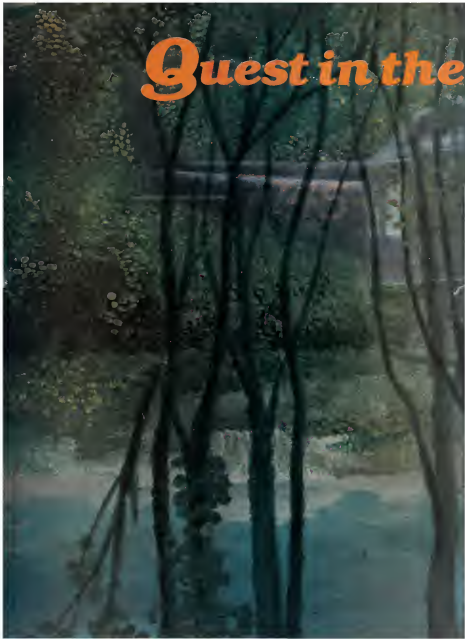
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Quest in the



Jungle

Snaking up a wild tropical river, two American adventurers seek a strange 'lost city' known as Ciudad Blanca

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



"Yieeeee!"

"That's it!"

"Oh, God, we've found it. Did you see it? Hey, Fausto, go back..."

It was past before they really saw it, before they could seal it in their minds: the stark white walls latticed by the weak sunlight descending through the jungle cover. Cramped in the tunnel under the canopy of trees, its great whirling blades slapping at the foliage, the helicopter followed the river.

"Hey, set this damn thing down!"

"Did you see the openings? The windows? Geezuss. We gotta go back."

"Hey, Fausto, can you turn around?"

"Not here, there is no room. We must go farther and find a place on the river."

They knew to trust Fausto Padillo. From above, there had been no river at all, only an intermittent silver ribbon, crimping and curling in the deep green. The jungle concealed the river for long stretches, but Padillo, his sensitive gloved hand working the stick, had brought the helicopter down below the crown of foliage, and maneuvered it, mile after mile, as if it were on flanged wheels, holding to the river in the eerie light.

Now he nosed the helicopter through the shrunken passage, letting it flow with the river, watching for a spot to set down. And with each beat of the rotor the image grew inside Jim Woodman and Bill Spohrer. They babbled like children. Had they found it? The lost city? Ciudad Blanca? The white walls, the doorway, the monkey god? Their shared obsession?

They were 15 miles downriver before the Plátano spread and flattened, bulging around a smooth, rocky place, a natural bed dividing the water. Direct sunlight illuminated the spot. Having stayed out of the trees, it was no feat for Padillo to lay the copter down there.

And there the red light came on, attracting and stunning them. A tiny solitary beacon on an otherwise unfit panel: "Engine Chip." So small the lighted words and so prominent, as though a hatch had been thrown open on a darkened room.

"What does it mean?"

"It means we cannot go back," said Padillo. "We have ingested something in the engine. It is not so bad maybe; there are magnets built in to take care of those things, but I must take the rotor off and see. It will take time."

"It's afternoon already. How much time?"

Padillo reconsidered. No, he said, he would not break the engine down; it was almost better not to know. They were already off the map, beyond radio contact. They were not beside the river, they were in it—it was all around them. A river that could rise 40 feet in the rainy season and could, now, with any precipitation, swallow them up. Night would come soon enough to meet them there.

"We will fly the way it is, and go back to Ahuas," he

said. "It is not likely that the chips are bad. But we cannot stay."

"Can we go back by way of that thing we saw back there?"

Padillo shook his head. If he had figured right, he said, it would take at least 25 minutes to fly across the jungle to the relative safety of the Patuca River. Fuel was a factor. "If we go down, we will be part of the jungle. They will not find us."

The young Guatemalan again set the machine in motion. It whistled and hummed steadily—sounds that were previously reassuring but were now strangely suspect—and rose from the pit of brightness like a fighter coming off the deck. Up and up and out of the trees.

It was then, while trying to think his way back to the place they had seen, with the anticipation draining from him to make room for a terrible new sensation—fear—that Woodman remembered the things they had heard and made fun of. The crazy legends: that once you have seen Ciudad Blanca, or Casa Blanca, it disappears; that you never see it again; that if you are not Sumo, if you are not Indian, the invulnerable spirits will come and claim you.

"Those damn Indians!" he said aloud over the thwack of the helicopter blades.

The Mosquitia, along the Caribbean coast of Honduras and Nicaragua, is 16,000 square miles of uncommon beauty, a breathtaking patchwork of foliage gone berserk—trees 200 feet high, spidery silver rivers dashing in and out of view, razorback ridges that bunch up haphazardly over a granite base. Like a rug that has been kicked, the jungle rises with the ridges, going all the way to the top, so that even from the summits of mountain peaks (up to 5,000 feet) all the views are short and suffocating. The eye gives up on them early. There are no vistas.

Bush pilots call it the Green Sea. Things they spot are no longer there when they circle back to check. Planes that go down are usually swallowed whole. One that crashed only a few miles from the runway at the coastal city of La Ceiba in Honduras never lost radio contact, but when rescued the pilot complained that search planes he talked with flew directly overhead without seeing him. A TAN airlines pilot who crashed an air force plane in the Mosquitia and walked out (he was close to the coast) said most of his aircraft was still in the trees, never having reached the jungle floor. The U.S. Green Berets set up a camp in the Mosquitia in the 1960s, then gave it up as impossible.

There is gold in the Mosquitia, and precious stones. Howler monkeys cough like lions, creating, with the screaming jaguars, bedlam hours at dusk and at first light. And there are snakes. Some of the world's deadliest snakes are found there, among them the fer-de-lance and the coral. Coastal natives insist that some of these killers hang from the trees in the dry season, waiting for prey. In the rainy season, the natives say, the snakes mostly sleep.

As with most remote and unknown places, the legends of the Mosquitia are extravagant. For example, Comizahuil, "the Tigress," a white Mosquitia goddess, was said to have had three children without knowing a man. When she tired of governing, she went to the roof of her palace and, in the vortex of a lightning storm, ascended as "a bird of rare beauty and fantastic plumage." The most persistent legend is that of Ciudad Blanca, a "lost white city" of vast ruins behind glistening white walls and a huge white doorway that stands out against the jungle's blanket. Commercial pilots have reported glimpsing such walls and doors, but are unable to pinpoint their sightings.

In 1933, an anthropologist named W. D. Strong spent six months exploring the Patuca River basin—in outboard-powered dugout canoes and on foot along machete-cut paths—doggedly covering an area that a man in a helicopter could have ranged in two days. At a place called Wankabila he found bits and pieces of carved stones of an early civilization, and dutifully marked the place. He said he heard "many stories of strange archeological ruins."

There were two subsequent "finds," of considerably less scientific import. In 1939, a man named Theodore Morde wrote that, with directions hot from "the lips of some old Paya Indians," he had found "the lost city of the monkey god, the capital of the extinct Chorotegas." (Anthropologists

believe the Chorotegas to be contemporaries of the Maya, but with less staying power and not as good public relations.) Morde told of a "perverted religious cult" that featured dead monkeys and, at the site itself, monkey images "impressed on stone, [decorating] the entrance." He said he would not reveal the location, but could "hardly wait to get back." There is no record of his getting back.

Then, under the modest headline I FOUND A LOST CITY, a New Mexican mining engineer named Sam Glassmire wrote in a 1960 issue of *Empire Magazine* about the "crumbling limestone walls," the "tons of artifacts," and the "five square miles" of a city he found in the jungle off the Wampu River. He was there for gold, he said, and found some, but he sure enough also "found Ciudad Blanca." His account, done with a ghostwriter named Hank Chapman, told of standing "on top" of the city, on "a cornice that stuck out of the ground," the city itself being buried by the jungle. He, too, promised to go back but never got around to it.

One trouble with "going back"—whether you want to or not—is that the Mosquitia is inexactly charted. "Official" government maps and "official" air force maps confound as much as they instruct. Because of the sawtooth ridges and the jungle's density, instruments used to survey from the air cannot function properly. Tromping around with theodolites is unthinkable. But cartographers cannot

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK ENGLISH



leave voids. They must reach a point, a line, a border, and so in the Mosquitia their maps reflect their guesswork, smaller ones do not synch. Larger ones have places marked "relief data incomplete," and elevations "reported" and "source material irreconcilable" (the latter on a U.S. aerospace navigation chart, imagine).

But maps are poor inducements anyway. Printed mountains flatten out; facsimile jungles, on paper, offer little to lure you to them. However, on the official map of Honduras, chartered for the government in 1954 by Dr. Jesus Aguilar Paz and a U.S. Geodetic Survey team, there is one tiny notation that catches the eye. It sits tentatively, in eight-point type, all but begging to be lifted off, in a washed-out yellow place near the Platano, Pao and Paulaya rivers: "??"

And below it, "Ruinas Ciudad Blanca."

It was the question mark, tantalizing them, that drew Jim Woodman and Bill Spohrer into the Mosquitia.

Who is to say what an explorer is today, except that the word connotes a certain amount of courage and guile and an itch to be someplace else. But that would describe Evel Knievel, too, would it not? One would assume the explorer is an anachronism, there being so few question marks remaining to call a Sir Richard Burton out. Such an assumption would suggest, however, that Sir Richard would have stood in bed if there had not been possibilities, and would ignore other qualities inherent in the breed.

An explorer might well be the ultimate adventurer—he must deal, after all, not with a tangible left hook or the angle of a mountain, but with the unknown. You probably couldn't categorize him or construct his profile the way you might a defensive tackle's or a six-day cyclist's. You probably wouldn't even know he was there until a question mark showed up on a map.

Jim Woodman's family owned newspapers around Evanston, Ill., but early on he was distrustful of the tack the Woodman course had taken ("Journalism didn't seem to pay very much") and identified himself with a more maverick ancestor, a certain Captain Woodman, who, as he recalled, had to leave—was ordered out of—England, "over a woman." He reasons that Captain Woodman was not a run-of-the-mill rounder, because the Crown gave him the ship to leave in.

Woodman, 44, is tall, handsome, curly-haired and intelligent. When he is making a point, he becomes spell-binding. After several false starts at an education, including two suspensions, he wound up at the University of New Mexico, where he captained the swim team—his two sons and three daughters are now age-group prospects in Miami—and led the university's debating team to the 1952 national championship, beating Notre Dame on the resolution "The basic non-agricultural industries of the U.S. should be nationalized." Debate, says Woodman, "is excellent training to make you a better liar."

At New Mexico, with a small band of conspirators, he rounded up "very old fire in New Mexico that wasn't attached to a car," tied them in bundles, set them on fire and dropped them down the cone of an extinct volcano outside

town. Smoke billowing from the mountain "had the natives on their knees," he says, and brought out the state police. Instead of finishing his last year (he came back later for that, making the dean's list), Woodman was encouraged to join the Marines.

This was during the Korean war. The Marines made him a "combat correspondent," as which he wrote the radio program *Marines in Review* for ABC. This led to his spending considerable combat time in Hollywood. He seldom wore a uniform during his last year or so of service. When he got out, and graduated from New Mexico, he discovered he could further his education on the GI Bill, and chose to do so in Spain. On \$175 a month, he studied art to go with his English and speech, did line drawings and watercolors, "lived like a gypsy" and, besides learning to speak Spanish, found he got along well with foreigners.

Released from the servitude of education, he came to a crossroad: "What could I do to keep seeing the world for nothing, traveling around and chasing women? Why, of course, I went to work for Pan American." In sales, he was dispatched to such hot spots as Izmir in Turkey, and Addis Ababa in Ethiopia and other farther-away places. Eventually, he wound up in Miami, where he left Pan Am to help organize an adventure-tour operation called Brazil Safaris. He began commuting to Rio, where he lived in a 10th-floor penthouse in Copacabana. "It was insane," he recalls. "A party every night. Once we had the entire cast of a local floorshow in for 20 U.S. dollars. We had to go to Carnival just to rest up." When his roommate opened the door one day to a friend who immediately ran to the balcony and jumped, Woodman said, "I knew I had to change my life-style."

He married in Rio. His wife, presumably without polling the family (they had three children in three years), joined the CIA. "We didn't know," Woodman says. "She'd say, 'I've got to go to Caracas.' 'What for?' 'Never mind. I'll be seeing you.' I suppose you shouldn't be 30 and live in Brazil and get married."

They were divorced, and Woodman began writing travel books and selling Brazil Safaris and hiring out as a consultant to various South and Central American airlines. On an assignment for *Playboy* he met a woman named Lisa. She was a veteran transoceanic sailor and a crack tennis player, and when the two-week assignment was over, Woodman told her, "I don't want to leave without you. Come to Miami and marry me." She did. Now Lisa gives private tennis lessons in Miami and poses for the covers of Woodman's travel books.

Along the way, Woodman met Bill Spohrer, whose father-in-law, an American living in Peru, owned TAN Airlines, one of Woodman's accounts. Stars crossed.

Like Woodman, Spohrer—a smaller man with straight brown hair but equally youthful and vigorous—cares nothing about being immortal. Born in Drummond, Okla. the same day and year as Woodman, he was a Fulbright scholar who had served with the U.S. Military Mission in Indochina before Dienbienphu. Working with French troops, he participated in "the intrigue, the counterintrigue, the coups. I was 22. I loved it."

Later, Spohrer went to Guatemala on an archeological expedition. He had studied archeology in college and was a

continued



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Maya buff. He married and moved to Honduras, where he began collecting old books and charts of the Americas and made pilgrimages. Poring over his maps in 1958, he noticed the question mark in the Mosquitia.

Spohrer and Woodman got together and teamed up with Michael DeBailey, son of the Houston heart surgeon. DeBailey, who was then representing Tescaco in Lima, shared their need to head someplace, to go from here to there, to get out. In 1973, Hurricane Fifi swept across Central America, killing 15,000 people and flooding thousands of square miles. TAN, of which Spohrer had assumed command at his father-in-law's death (he has since sold out), became a center of rescue operations. The three compatriots joined in flying relief to battered Honduras. And over a beer in Belize, exhausted after a long series of flights, they dreamed up the International Explorers Society.

Spohrer: "The world was full of people who wanted adventure but didn't have a vehicle for it. How about a society for explorers? 'Explorers,' at that point, was a catchword. We weren't really interested in scientific findings. We simply wanted to do exciting things."

Woodman: "We thought, let's have a home for guys who like adventure, who wouldn't mind hiring a psychic or a helicopter to help find something, who would actually build a primitive balloon and fly it. I.E.S. seemed to fit. For 10 or 15 bucks a member, we'd tie things together, send out bulletins, drum up ideas."

In November 1975, Woodman and Julian Nott, a record-holding balloonist from England, flew an 88-foot smoke-filled balloon over the Nazca plain in southwest Peru. The balloon was made from native materials available to primitive Indians: coarse cotton cloth, reeds for the gondola from Lake Titicaca, etc. There were no metal fittings.

The idea was Spohrer's. An amateur balloonist, he had read Erich von Däniken's book *Chariots of the Gods?*, and decided that it was "mostly baloney," that ancient earth people, not extraterrestrial visitors, had made the enormous Nazca ground drawings (which can be appreciated only from the air), that the mysterious burn pits at the end of the "runways" were caused by fires—possibly to provide hot air for balloons—not from prehistoric jet exhaust.

Because Spohrer could not make the flight, having aggravated an old back injury, Woodman fetched Nott and conscripted him into I.E.S. At dawn on the given day, the homemade Condor I rose 600 feet above the Nazca plain, abruptly plunged back to earth, dumped Woodman and Nott out, and then soared again for 18 minutes. The flight was hailed as "a classic example of experimental archeology" and "a modern demonstration of an ancient possibility." Woodman quickly produced a book about it—*Nazca: Journey to the Sun*—and ABC did a televised segment for *The American Sportsman*. Book and TV money helped defray the \$60,000 expense.

By that time Woodman and Spohrer had begun a more personal search. "We've been looking at that question mark for 15 years," Spohrer said. "It's high time."

Whenever they could cudge a free day or two, Woodman and Spohrer—DeBailey's interests by elsewhere—followed the scent. Facts were sought and sifted, evidence accumulated. They rummaged through archives and libraries,

and rallied conversation. Everyone had a story to tell—one that had been heard, one that a grandmother swore by. They consulted museum directors and bush pilots, grave robbers, cigarette smugglers and jaguar hunters.

The best stories seemed always to come from the area of Palacios, a remote fishing village on the northeast coast of Honduras that had grown out of an old English fort. Lush and fruitful, Palacios is a speck of Eden at the mouth of the Black River, where it washes into the Purlaya. Elements of four tribes live there, more or less harmoniously—Paya, Sambo, Miskito and Black Caribe. From Palacios, grizzled prospectors and men who failed with rubber plantations had gone into the Mosquitia and returned with stone carvings—tiny things, usually, replicas of metates (corn grinders) that had washed to them down the rivers. There was talk of "burial mounds" not many days away.

But Woodman met only one man who had actually seen Ciudad Blanca, Sam Glassmire.

Woodman: "Sam turned out to be a helluva guy. Handsome, white-haired, a rugged New Mexican gold miner the Indians loved. The right kind of American abroad. He is a consulting geologist and mining engineer. The trouble was, he hadn't seen Ciudad Blanca—at least not the way it had been described. He told me he found carvings, all right, near the Pao River, and metates, but not a 'white city.'"

"But he said something interesting: he said as a miner he had come to believe that the white walls pilots had seen were probably calcium carbonate, oozing down the cliffs. When lightning hits, the walls catch on fire, which would damn well scare hell out of the Indians. I liked Sam. I knew if he had found Ciudad Blanca, he wouldn't have talked about going back, he would have gone back."

Finally, Woodman and Spohrer abandoned their maps and research. But they had been at it for more than a year and were reluctant to give up on their project; sooner or later they had to go see for themselves. They set aside \$5,000 for reconnaissance flights, to triangulate the more likely areas, to define and establish guidelines. And they went to see Bill Earle in La Ceiba.

Woodman had known Earle for 20 years—"a round-faced, stocky built Reader's Digest-type character" who had once been the youngest airline captain flying in the Americas. Earle had been trying for years to get regional air carriers going in Honduras, and finally, if tentatively, had made good with a six-plane fleet he called Lansa Airlines. He had a reputation Woodman admired. He would go anywhere, fly anything. Bill Earle said, it was said, land a flaming torch on a sheet of waxed paper.

"It was fate," said Woodman, "that put you in La Ceiba," and presented the plan to Earle.

"You guys are out of your minds," Earle said. "You can't find anything out there. Have you seen it? It's the worst jungle in the world. The maps don't match up. The elevations are wrong. It's spooky as hell. I've lost three planes out there. Didn't find a trace. If you go down, and survive, it would take forever to walk out."

"You're right. I shouldn't have asked. It was foolish."

"I'll take you. I need the money."

continued

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In a single-engine Cessna 132 (his "safer" two-engine aircraft seemed always to be in the shop), Earle flew the explorers into the Mosquitia a dozen times following endlessly complicated patterns, putting down on make-do grass strips. At each outpost, Woodman and Spohrer made brief forays into the bush.

Ahuas is on the eastern edge of the jungle, at the basin of the Patuca River. There was a Moravian mission there, and in close proximity, as if to keep the missionaries on their toes, a "trading post" operator named Jim Berry. Berry served his guests a belly wash of rum and Kool-Aid and said, yes, indeed, he believed there was a "white city" out there. "The natives here say there is, and I think so, too." Native women came in and out of his place as they talked, nodding familiarly.

At Palacios, the village "mayor," Felix Marmole, produced a character from the bush named Willie Wood—"I didn't believe it, either," says Woodman—who spoke Spanish with a Miskito accent. "Willie was a mixture of everything that had gone through that area—Indian eyes, high Sumo cheekbones, skin of the Miskito—the whole place in one body. He said he'd had a rubber plantation up the Platano that went bad, and that he had seen Casa Blanca.

"I said, 'Ciudad Blanca?' 'No, Casa Blanca.' 'The white cliffs, the windows?' 'Yes.' 'Ciudad Blanca?' 'No, Casa Blanca.' He said, 'Go up the Platano, turn this way, and that way, and it's on the left.' It was like getting directions on the freeway. I said, 'Have you been in it?' 'Oh, no. It is where the spirits live.'

"Well, what the hell. Not a white city, a white house. Was there no end?"

After still another scary dogleg landing at Palacios, Earle suggested to Felix the mayor that he move the village around. Transplant a few houses so that the airstrip could be straightened, drag the strip smooth with oxen. He needed such a strip to fly supplies in. "Do it and I will bring the village a shortwave radio," Earle said. Felix said he would do it.

It was six months, however, before the strip was completed. And with each intervening flight, expecting to experience something stupendous, something startling, the explorers instead felt the jungle slowly entering into them, taking hold, gaining command. Instead of diminishing, it seemed to enlarge. The rivers they followed ducked out of sight. A waterfall—1,200 feet high and spectacular—was found, lost and found again, as if it were on stage wheels. The mountains were never in the right place.

On one flight, true to Woodman's pledge against normality, they took along a psychic, a young woman from Duke University who wore prayer beads and crescent rings and spoke of "vibrations." She lifted her ringed fingers and stretched them in front of her, palms out, drawing encouragement from the granite and brush, and from the navigation chart in her lap. And though her imagery was rich (she had a high IQ, she said, and very definite ideas), the results were unspectacular.

The weather turned on them. They flew into dark, tense rainstorms that hurled sounds into the windshield like bat-

ting-practice balls against a backstop. Since Fifi, the weather pattern in Honduras had gone haywire; no one seemed sure when the rainy season was, or if it ever stopped. Now, when it was supposed to be dry, the rain came over them like a black sheet, hollowing their conversations in the cockpit of the Cessna and drumming into their spirits.

Finally, Earle called a halt.

"Look," he said. "I don't know how many times we can do this without going down. We don't have a backup plane. We can't go slow enough or get low enough to see what you want to see, and we sure as hell can't land. With a fixed-wing aircraft, it's going to take you months of this."

"What are you suggesting? A helicopter?"

"Yes."

"We'll see. They're expensive."

In June of 1976 Woodman's two sons and three other teenage boys were flown to Palacios, where, under the general supervision of Felix the mayor they could explore, sample the jungle, make friends, listen, remember. Before they left they were joined by a sixth member, a snake hunter who had inquired about flights into the Mosquitia.

"He looked the part," says Woodman, "dark hair, flowing black mustache. I asked if he'd been in the area. 'Yes, up beyond the headwaters of the Paulaya.' I said, 'Have you ever seen anything that looked like a white city?' He said, 'Yes. I have been at the base of temple ruins.' He kept talking. I couldn't believe the luck. He said he found snakes under the rocks, but that the only danger was the falling walls. He said he was an ex-Marine. I thought, 'How bad can he be?'"

Woodman offered to pay the snake hunter's air fare and to give him an additional \$500 if he took the five boys to the place he spoke of. The snake hunter accepted the ticket and flew out with the boys.

Nothing came of it. The boys heard "many stories" of Ciudad Blanca from the natives but also noted that "if you act interested, they feed you lie after lie. They like to see the gringos sit with astonished faces." The snake hunter was no help, indeed turned into an opponent. He would not take them to the "temple." He blamed the weather. He exploded in bad temper, screamed, punched one of the boys, threw a knife and left. They never saw him again.

They did find Raimundo Jones at the headwaters of the Paulaya, in a stout house of mahogany with comfortable homemade furniture. He was an old man and whip-lean, with white hair like tissue and eyeglasses that were strapped to his head. He said he had been there 60 years, at first living with the Paya Indians, "having a wonderful good time." He said he was born in Missouri. His link to home was a daily dose of Paul Harvey news on the shortwave.

The boys inquired of the white city. "There's something out there, all right," said Raimundo Jones. "The Sumos say it's dead people. A city of dead people. They tell of a stone monkey with a golden mask. I tried to go there, over the ridges, but three times I could not make it and give up." That was all.

Spohrer, meanwhile, found a company in Guatemala that would rent them a helicopter for \$325 an hour, and a 28-year-old pilot named Fausto Padilla who agreed to the re-

continued

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quirkments. "What we need is a guy who'll slice through jungles you couldn't put your finger through, land on river rocks, fly off the map. We need a complete idiot." "I'm your man," said Fausto. "Just don't tell the guy who owns the helicopter."

Including gas and freight, it was estimated that the copter would burn up \$10,000 a week—modern exploration at its costliest. Woodman went shopping for additional funds and got them—from Standard Fruit, from Esso, from ABC—which had already agreed to film part of the expedition. From TAN he got additional flight concessions. In two weeks he raised \$30,000.

"Don't complain to me about corporations," says Woodman. "I think they're great."

In October, with the helicopter secured and a television crew from ABC brought in, Woodman and Spohrer established a base at Ahuas. Woodman believed the White City of the monkey god would be reached west of there, toward the Paulaya. A series of fixed-routine flights took them out and away from Ahuas. Like a circle in a puddle, the arc grew daily—down the Patuca, up the Pao, out over the jungle. They scoured the tops of what they considered key mountains. The process was slower than they had hoped.

The copter put down on riverbanks, on sandbars, anywhere, living up to its pedigree, and the explorers got out and chopped to the top of ridges, punching holes in the jungle. Once Spohrer had to drop from the machine into 10-foot-high grass to clear a pad. He did a three-hour clearing job in less than an hour because, he said, he kept seeing images of snakes. "I prayed, 'Dear Jesus, get me out of this and I'll never be bad again.'"

Sometimes they sent the copter home and spent the night on the ridges. They had a plan if the machine crashed with them in the jungle. They would hack a tunnel through the trees to the sky, start a fire and send up a cylinder of smoke. They would stay there three days. If nobody found them by then, they would try to find a river and follow it out. Their survival equipment included everything from Band-Aids to wrist and button compasses, dehydrated food, firearms and fishhooks.

They began to enlist natives to sight for them. A native guide was not necessarily foolproof. "The first thing he would do when we got him up in the helicopter," said Woodman, "was throw up. Then he would get lost." But instead of crisscrossing vaguely above, as they had in the Cessna, they now were able to dip down and float over the rivers in the helicopter, twisting idly through the turns, taking in close-hand the Mosquitia's beguiling irregularities.

Wherever they went, whenever they put down, they found things—tiny cut stones of ancient workmanship. They saw mountains with surprisingly symmetrical splashes of white, the calcium carbonate Sam Glassmire had predicted. They saw everything, and nothing.

They put down at a tiny colony at the junction of the Patuca and Wampu rivers, where the villagers were saving up to buy a shovel. They made camp farther up, on high ground belonging to an old widow named Juana, a Sumo. There

were fruit trees in the clearing, and Juana's thatch-roofed house had a view from 60 feet above the river. She said it was necessary to be there. She showed them the water marks where the river came, just 10 feet below.

Juana had a daughter and a son, and pigs to kill the snakes. She estimated her age at 50, but looked 80. She wore a single gold earring and bragged that she had once been to the coast, but when they pitched camp and strung up lights her eyes widened at the sight of electricity in action.

Woodman asked if she knew the white city.

"Yes. See that mountain? See that doorway? It is there."

The mountain loomed behind her, the straightest, tallest one they had seen. There were, to be sure, white splashes on it—but not unfamiliar ones.

"No, I don't see the doorway. What is the mountain called?"

"Wampu."

"That is also the river."

"Yes. The spirits live behind the door. At night, you can hear the wailing of a man."

"Are you sure it isn't a monkey? Or jaguars?"

"No, it is a man. I have heard him. He has been there a long time. See, there. *La puerta*."

In the evening light, the mountain's colors were uncertain, the shadows deeper and condensed. Woodman sucked his teeth. Indeed, there was a door—a huge, perfectly carved white door as large as a castle drawbridge. Or something that resembled a door.

"Have you been there?"

"No one who lived here has ever climbed to see it. They are afraid. The spirits..."

"Would you mind if we flew up there tomorrow?"

"No, but you will see only the door, not the man. You cannot see spirits."

The night produced the spirit-man's anguish—the keening hysteria of howler monkeys and jaguars, enough in themselves to make the flesh crawl. In the morning, Padillo flew the helicopter up to the mountain and hovered there like a mosquito hawk. The white walls and the erosion-carved door were exactly what Woodman and Spohrer expected: a remarkable likeness and, perhaps, an explanation, but nothing more.

They were on the Wampu a week, living in Juana's backyard, ranging out. At the last outpost on the Pao, they found one more witness, an old Sumo Indian who told them there was no white city, not the kind they sought.

"It was not the city that was white, it was the people," he said.

"I don't understand."

The old man said there had been a plague, some kind of biological horror that had wrapped its arms around the area. "It came and everyone in our largest city died. Generations ago. When a man died from it, he became very pale. The Ciudad Blanca you seek was not a city of white buildings, but of white corpses."

It was then, the day before they broke the Wampu camp, that Padillo took them out beyond the Pao, west and north and, for the first time, all the way to the headwaters of the Platano River. It was then that he took them into the

river's unexpected tunnel, and the red light went on.

The 30 minutes across the jungle, and then the longer leg down the Patuca to Ahuas, produced a profound change in the passengers of the helicopter. The initial elation at seeing the white walls, which had changed to apprehension, the fear of going down in the jungle, faded into a deeper, quieter force, hitting them harder. For the first time they were really discouraged.

"I think we realized finally that the walls we had been seeking, even the ones of Casa Blanca, could not have been a city," Woodman says. "A city with quarried stone would have turned gray and blended into the jungle and been covered by it. In its antiquity it would look considerably unlike a city. A shipwreck isn't a ship at all when you find it years later. It's spikes and nails and a few metal weapons. We thought, 'Maybe we've seen all we will ever see of the white city.'"

"So we decided to pull back. Get out, think it through."

Woodman says he does not know why they did not go back to the Platano to confirm or deny the thing that was fresh in their memory, the possibility of Casa Blanca. "We just didn't. I suppose we were too down. We had covered almost every inch of the area where the maps said Ciudad Blanca was supposed to be.

"I said, 'Look, nobody lives out there now. If the stone was quarried in the mountains, the people who did it must have lived on the coast, or up from it. From Palacios to the mountains is 20 miles. We will come back and start again, but from Palacios. Casa Blanca, if we ever find it again, will be easier to reach from there.'"

And how ridiculously easy it was, too, Woodman would say later. Ten miles out of Palacios, after almost a day of travel in a dug-out canoe hacking through the sickly green and brown of the jungle, at a place called Aguacate (invocado), Spohrer put a machete in the ground and heard a gritty, clinking sound, like a cake with an unexpected center, like a cake with a file in it.

A Sumo Indian lived there, on top of a mound, by an avocado tree. He seemed amused by their interest.

"Are there any big stones here?" It was a question Woodman had asked many times. Usually he got vague, deliberately tempting answers: "Far away, past that river, on top of that ridge."

This man said, "Yes. Do you want to see?"

He took them to the place.

Two, three, five times they dug—only inches into the ground. There they were: hewn granite stones waiting for a spade. "There is more," the Indian said. "Less than two miles. At Bukra."

"Are there other mounds?"

"Yes. People say from here to the mountains."

For Woodman and Spohrer, the rest was not so much antijamantic as it was a concession to a different set of priorities. I.E.S. followed in force, with the ABC crew. And Edwin Shook, a leading archaeologist of Central America, flew in from Guatemala to take charge of the digging. "Don't touch anything till I get there," he said.

Shook was amazed when he saw what they had found. "I've never known anything like this," he said. They unearthed huge table altars, serpentlike granite carvings with lizard heads, and tips of 20-ton megaliths. They stepped off the remains of an ancient plaza.

Shook said, "Boys, they've all been full of beans if they thought there wasn't a big stone civilization out here." He said it was certainly not Mayan, but was "probably Chorotega," and was at least a thousand years old. A white city? He couldn't say, didn't seem to care.

For Woodman and Spohrer, the job was reduced to transporting I.E.S. digging teams in and out. But one morning after they had dropped a load, Woodman told Padillo not to head back to Palacios but to go on up the Platano.

"I want you to go up that river until it absolutely stops, and then I want to see if we can find that white house."

And just like that, almost as simple as following directions to a freeway, they found it. Scudding beneath the jungle canopy, marveling as they went along at the trees, the flowering bromeliads, past the last scrawlings of man, they came to a turn and Casa Blanca burst slowly open to them.

Woodman would remember later that at first glance he thought it must surely be a condominium. It lifted up from a ledge, a 20-foot-high balcony over a cavity the river had etched away, and rose another 80 feet or more almost straight up, various levels carved by the river as symmetrical as terraces—all white with calcium and honeycombed with cave holes.

Padillo found a rocky spot in the river to put down on, and the rotor unwound into silence. The smell of animal hit them, raw and pungent. Jaguar prints were all about them. Some prints were fresh. They measured six inches across. As a precaution, the explorers peppered the caves with rocks for 10 minutes. They got no response.

Woodman lit a torch and ducked inside one, groping his way. The smoke from the torch went straight up and out, indicating an updraft and an opening to the top. He went as far as he could, about 60 feet, and then came back. He found no carvings on the walls, no altars, no sign of a temple, no real hints that the cave had ever been inhabited.

He was certain it was the Casa Blanca of the legends—a dramatically eerie, mystical kind of place. But it was a natural formation, not a man-made one. Had it ever been inhabited, perhaps by cliff dwellers? He would leave it to others to determine. "Perhaps," he said, thinking of business, "an I.E.S. spelunking team."

The find got front-page coverage throughout Central America and was hailed by the Honduran government. There was a color picture on the front page of *The Miami Herald*, which speculated rather positively on the possibility that it was Ciudad Blanca.

"I think there are three possibilities," Woodman says. "One, that the white walls, the white calcium carbonate on the cliffs, were what the Indians thought was Ciudad Blanca. Casa Blanca might have been part of that. Two, that the Sumo legend is correct, and that people—Chorotegas, probably—lived in places like Bukra and died of a plague, turning white. Hence, 'White City.'"

"Or three—that it is still out there, and still worth looking for."

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 26-Jan. 1

BOXING—SAENSAK MUANGSURI of Thailand stopped Jo Kumpasi of Laos in the 14th round, his sixth successful defense of the WBC super-lightweight title in 1977.

[illegible]

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Notre Dame staked a strong claim to the national championship, leading the Texas

Longhorns their first defeat, 28-10, as the Cotton Bowl moved to Atlanta, and Oklahoma 31-6 in the Orange Bowl, overshadowed Washington's thud at Michigan 27-18 in the Rival Bowl, and Alabama rolled over Ohio State 26-6 in the Sugar Bowl. Matt Gurnea, 23 of 36 passes for 387 yards and four touchdowns to lead the Panthers to a 34-3 rout of Clemson. Guy Breaux passed for 269 yards and three touchdowns, breaking a Sun Bowl passing record, to give Stanford a 24-14 victory over LSU. Utah State threw three two-point scoring passes and ran 52 plays to beat Oregon 27-24. Notre Dame's 24-14 victory over Iowa State in the Peach Bowl, USC, the first Pac 8 team to play in the Bluebonnet Bowl, defeated Texas, A.M. 47-18.

PRO FOOTBALL—The M & M combination—Craig Morton to Marvin Moseley—gave Denver a five-point victory, as first AFC championship over defending champion Oakland 26-17. Dallas took the NFC title for the fourth time, beating Minnesota 31-6 (page 14).

HORSE RACING—J. O. TOBIN, the horse that beat Seattle Slew, won the \$87,500 Malibu Stakes at Santa Anita. His first victory since defeating the Horse of the Year in the Swaps in July. Ridden by Steve Cauthen for the first time, the 4-year-old ran the seven furlongs in 1:27.

CHANCE DANCER (\$140) Richard Cuferton won the \$130,789 Arizona Paradise Futurity for 2-year-olds at Turf Paradise, Phoenix. The gelding covered the 656 furlongs in 1:14.6 to equal the track record.

DOCKERY—NHL At the wheelchair-bound halfway point, Chicago finally began to show signs that it is grasping new coach Bob Fiala's complicated forecasting system. The Blackhawks made Florida 4-2 as rookie goaltender Corey Hootman made his debut. The Red Wings (Toronto) 4-3. The Canadiens (Montreal) 4-1. Mike Vernon tied their first Devils lead over second-place Vancouver at its six points. Toronto also led its Pittsburgh 4-3 when All-Star defenseman Brent Sutter made his debut. The Oilers (Edmonton) 4-1. The Bruins (Boston) 4-1. Chapman converted into the winning goal with just 32 seconds to play in the game. Minnesota's Eric Lofgren got a 1-0 shutout over St. Louis as defenseman Tom Renney scored his first goal since Feb. 18. Rivalry between the two teams is intense. In the second period, a spectacular save, he happened to be standing somewhat out of place, a hint of Mike, as teammate Fred Burten's shot came by and rumbled off his knee, past the goalie. The Oilers (Edmonton) 4-1. The Bruins (Boston) 4-1. The Canadiens (Montreal) 4-1. The Bruins (Boston) 4-1.

agion and from Cleveland, Philadelphia edge the New York Rangers 4-3 on Bobby Clarke's second goal of the game and roused Minnesota 5-2 in Eric MacLewell had the last one, and Buffalo had to settle for a 3-2 tie with Detroit when the Red Wings' Nick Lefley blanked a 35-40-year-old Sabre Goaltender Don Edwards in 18:57 of the third period. The New York Islanders swept a pair of road games, 4-1 over the Pittsburgh Penguins in period 4-3. In that game, Center Bryan Trottier had two goals and two assists to become the first player in two years to simultaneously lead the NHL in goals (27) and assists (36). Vancouver kept the Soviet Union's Spartak club 2-0 in Curt Pedley's shutout performance. Goaltender's Klondike season was bid by the New York Rangers 4-1. The Creighton College hockey club lost to the Michigan State Spartans 4-1. The Michigan State Spartans beat the Michigan State Spartans 4-1.

WHA New England extended its lead over Winnipeg to six points by routing Birmingham 8-1 and 6-2. The latter triumph was the "Whalers' sixth straight over the Bulls this season. Edmonton tied two first-period shots at Quebec goalkeepers in a 9-3 romp over the Nordiques. Winnipeg lost 7-3, 4-2 and 5-1 to the Soviet National team in Japan.

TEENIS—VITAS GERULAITIS, stricken with severe muscle cramps in the fourth set, failed to defeat Britain's John Lloyd 4-1, 3-6, 5-7, 3-6, 4-2 and was the \$75,000 Australian Open in Melbourne. **YVONNE GOOLAGONG CAWLEY** downed Helen Cawley (no relation) 6-1, 6-0 to take the women's title. Her 20th straight match win in Australia this summer.

MILEPOSTS—MARRIED: CHARLES SHIPMAN PAYSON, 79, majority stockholder in the New York Mills, and VIRGINIA KRAFT, 47, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* assistant editor; each for the second time, in Falmouth, Maine.

NAMED By the Cleveland Browns as head coach, SAM RUTHGLAND, 45, most recently receiver coach of the New Orleans Saints, to succeed Forrest Gregg, who resigned under pressure.

DIED HALSEY HALL, 79, broadcaster for the Minneapolis Times (1961-72) in St. Louis Park, Minn.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



STEVE COCHRAN
PHD, ASTU, CMU

At the age of 14 years, five months and 20 days, Sieve became the youngest Life Master in the history of the American Contract Bridge League. He accumulated one-third of the 300 required points on a 35-city tournament tour last summer.



LEON DREHER
FRED LACEY LITERARY

Dreher, 56, a waiter in a bank dining room, was third in the 10,000 at the World Masters Tournament in Sweden, setting an American age-group (55-60) record of 33:37. He later set a world one-hour age-group record of 10 miles, 21.5 yards.

CHRIS FRASER
Michigan, NJ

In leading the Monksie Cobras to the Essex Junior Football League title, Chris, 13, a Mt. Hebron eighth-grader, scored 37 touchdowns in 13 games rushed for 1,888 yards (16.1 per carry) and four times ran for 200 or more yards.



MITCHELL PERKINS
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An eighth-grader at Overlake School in Redmond, Wash., Mitchell, 14, won the national boys' 14-and-under singles tennis championship in Chicago. Then, teaming with E. C. Morgan of Portland, Ore., he took the doubles title.



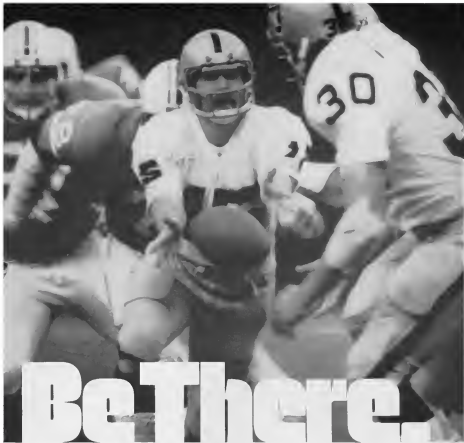
HART JOHNSON
To Fall

Hart, 14, runner-up in the 13-and-under class at the U.S. Racquetball Association's Junior Nationals in Evergreen Park, Ill., won the Men's B category in the AMF Vot Classic in St. Louis Park, Minn. over a field of 123 older players.



JOYCE BULANKI
Book Editor

With the temperature at 57 and snow drifts as deep as three feet on the 19-km course, Salaske, 35, won the U.S. Cycling Federation's national senior women's cyclo-cross championship in Milwaukee, covering the 9.5 km in 1:29:35.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

YOUNG CAUTHERN (CONT.)

Sir

Your 1977 Sportsman of the Year selection (Dec. 19-26) was your best yet. I was at Saratoga during August and saw Steve Cauteren ride. I also saw him in the jockeys' quarters. He never shrugged off an autograph. I think he should be named Man of the Year, too.

LARRY RUBIN
Richmond

Sir

Frank Deford's article on Sportsman of the Year Steve Cauteren was a fine work of art. However, it had one flaw. Cauteren was repeatedly referred to as a "child," "little boy," or "little doll-person." At age 17, Cauteren has earned \$600,000, more than most people make in a lifetime. Even more remarkable, he has become the premier figure in his field, an achievement that usually requires many years of experience in virtually any profession. Are these the accomplishments of a "little boy"? Hardly! Steve Cauteren must be given the respect he has earned and deserves. At 17, he is a very successful man.

ALAN R. EAGLE
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

Sir

Steve Cauteren has had one outstanding season. Willie Shoemaker has had nearly 30. What a shame that when you finally got around to selecting a jockey as your Sportsman you picked the wrong one.

MARK SHRAGER
Los Angeles

Sir

As I recall, you once explained that a Sportsman of the Year was picked because of what that person had done for the sport. Steve Cauteren, the young jockey from Walton, Ky., has done more for racing than most jockeys. Maybe even more than a guy named Shoemaker.

PAUL STUEFFENBERG
Burr Hills, N.Y.

Sir

It is a disgrace that you chose that little jockey, Steve Cauteren. The horse he rides is more of an athlete than he is. More important, horse racing is not a sport—the way baseball, football, hockey, basketball and soccer are.

GIR ROBBIE
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir

You can't be serious about Steve Cauteren for Sportsman of the Year. There is no way I can stand Cauteren up beside the athletes who have spent most of their lives working long

grueling hours at their sport without pay. When will the world and SI realize that the most outstanding and dedicated sportsman is the amateur athlete?

BEN HALL
Anderson, Ind.

LEGGO AWARDS

Sir

William Leggett's year-end TV/RADIO article (Dec. 19-26) was very well done and one that regular readers of SI could easily relate to, especially the One More Time and I'll Scream Award. A lot of us watch untold hours of television sports programming, and it's nice to know there is a voice that speaks for those who are not taken in by all of the network hype.

TERRY F. DECARLIS
Rock Hill, S.C.

Sir

For the One More Time and I'll Scream Award my wife's favorite is, "Tom Landry is the only coach Dallas has ever had." According to her, that statement has been repeated on virtually every Dallas telecast for the last six years.

My favorite candidate for the award is, "He is the most underrated player in the NFL." There must be, according to my calculations, about 163 "most underrated" players active in the league.

CLYDE R. WHITE
San Antonio

Sir

Two games left out under your One More Time and I'll Scream heading are "fine young quarterback" and "big play."

BERNADETTE BRADY
Cranford, N.J.

Sir

Regarding the Thanks for the Use of the Hall Award, thanks should be granted to the Harford Civic Center for the filming of *The Deadliest Season*, not the Los Angeles Forum. I was an extra during the production of that film, and, if I recall correctly, I traveled by bus from my University of Harford dorm to downtown Harford. I did not fly 3,000 miles to L.A.

ALAN AINSMAN
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir

I have to disagree with William Leggett's opinion that *The World's Strongest Men* competition was "the holiest piece of trash sport so far." I welcomed the 10-minute segment each Saturday as a break in the monotony of the regular CBS Sports Spectacular presentations. The competition contained many difficult and diversified feats of strength,

and each contestant took them seriously. I think that if Leggett polled all those who watched the show, a majority would respond in favor of more competitions like this. After all, how many times do you see 190 men run 40 yards with 400-pound refrigerators on their backs?

ALFRED PENZA
Pensacola, N.J.

'ZANDOKAHN'

Sir

Perhaps young Durrill Dawkins of the Philadelphia 76ers did in fact make up his new battle name of "Zandokahn" (*Trouble? Call the Bomb Squad*, Dec. 19-26). However, those of us who grew up in Spanish-speaking countries have known of a creature so named since our early youth.

"Sandokan, Tigre de la Malaya" ruled the Indian Ocean, in novels and on the radio. A creation of the prolific writer Emilio Salgari, Sandokan was a kind of Captain Nemo, who did his thing on the ocean's surface and who, it seems, knew swordplay a little better than Dawkins.

I am glad to learn that the intrepid sailor has been reborn as a leaping black giant, trading his deck for the perilous courts of the NBA. I have always had a strong feeling that the 76ers should be known as the Philadelphia Swashbucklers.

EDUARDO GONZALEZ
Center for International Studies
Duke University
Durham, N.C.

DRAFT ORDER

Sir

The Tampa Bay Buccaneers (2-12-0) and the Kansas City Chiefs (2-12-0) tied for the worst record in the NFL. Who gets the first draft pick, and how do they decide who gets it?

BRIAN KLAAM
Katonah, N.Y.

• Tampa Bay will pick first. Instead of the arbitrary coin toss used until two years ago to break such ties, the NFL now employs a system that compares the relative strengths of the teams' schedules. The Buccaneers were judged the weaker team because their two victories were against opponents who collectively won 96 games while losing 109 for a 490 win-loss percentage. The Chiefs' two wins came against opponents with an overall record of 119 wins and 77 losses, a .607 percentage.—ED

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